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S I X
O L D P L A Y S,

O N W H I C H
S H A K S P E A R E

FOUNDED HIS
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
TAMING THE SHREW.
KING JOHN.
K. HENRY IV. AND K. HENRY V.
KING LEAR.

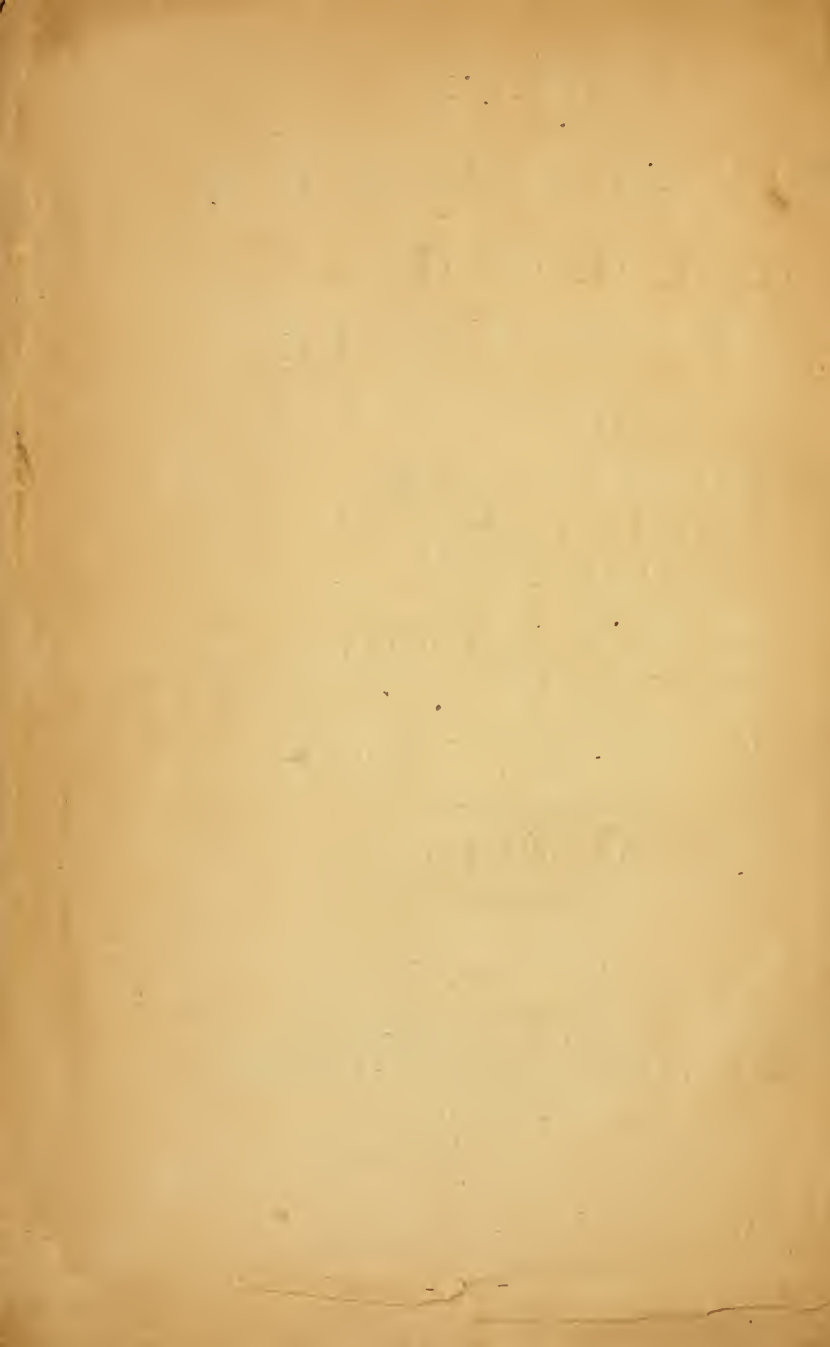
I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L U M E I I.

L O N D O N,

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M D C C L X X I X.



O L D P L A Y S.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

C O N T A I N I N G

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF K. JOHN.

THE FAMOUS VICTORIES OF HENRY V.

THE TRUE CHRONICLE HISTORY OF KING LEIR;

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS, GONORILL,
RAGAN, AND CORDELLA.

Vol. II.

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THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
Troublesome RAIGNE of
KING JOHN.

CONTAINING
The Entrance of LEWIS the *French* Kings Sonne:
WITH THE
Poysoning of King JOHN by a Monke.



Revised edition

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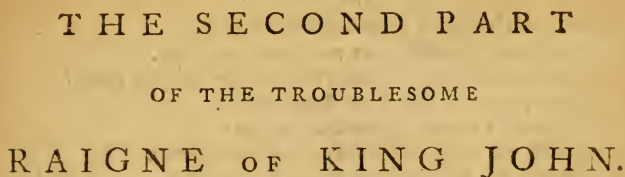
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The Entrance of LEWIS the *French* Kings Sonne:

Poyfoning of King JOHN by a Monke.

NOW help good hap to further mine entent,
 Crosse not my youth with any more extremes :
 I venter life to gaine my libertie,
 And if I die, worlds troubles have an end.
 Feare gins dissuade the strength of my resolve,
 My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
 And if I fall, no question death is next :
 Better desist, and live in prison still.
 Prison said I? nay, rather death than so :

Comfort and courage come againe to me,
 Ile venter fure : tis but a leape for life.

*He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from his traunce,
 speakes thus ;*

Hoe, who is nigh ? some bodie take me up.
 Where is my mother ? let me speake with her.
 Who hurts me thus ? speake hoe, where are you gone ?
 Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am heere alone.
 Why calld I mother, how did I forget ?
 My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers sonne.
 How will she weepe at tidings of my death ?
 My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.
 Sweete *Jesu* save my soule, forgive my rash attempt,
 Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
 When shee shall heare my tragycke overthrowe.
 My heart controls the office of my tongue,
 My vitall powers forsake my brused trunk,
 I die I die, heaven take my fleeting soule,
 And lady mother all good hap to thee.

[*He dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisburie, Essex.

Essex.

My lords of *Pembroke* and of *Salisburie*,
 We must be carefull in our policie,
 To undermine the keepers of this place,
 Else shall we never find the princes grave.

Pembroke.

My lord of *Essex*, take no care for that,
 I warrant you it was not closely done.
 But who is this ? lo lords the withered flowre,
 Who in his life shin'd like the mornings blush,
 Cast out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
 A prey for birds and beasts to gorge upon.

Salisburie.

O ruthfull spectacle ! O damned deed !
 My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleed.

Essex.

Essex.

Leave childish teares brave lords of *England*,
 If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
 My eies should conduit forth a sea of teares.
 If sobs would helpe, or sorows serve the turne,
 My heart should volley out deepe piercing plaints.
 But bootelesse were't to breath as many sighes
 As might eclipse the brightest sommers sunne,
 Here rests the helpe, a service to his ghost.
 Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
 Live to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
 Give hand and heart, and *Englishmen* to armes,
 Tis Gods decree to wreake us of these harmes.

Pembroke.

The best advice: but who comes posting here?

Enter Hubert.

Right noble lords, I speake unto you all,
 The king entreats your soonest speed
 To visit him, who on your present want,
 Did ban and curse his birth, himselve and me,
 For executing of his strict command.
 I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
 Assur'd him of his cousins being safe,
 Whom pity would not let me doe to death:
 He craves your company my lords in haste,
 To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* straight,
 Who is in health under my custody.

Essex.

In health base villaine, were't not I leave the crime
 To Gods revenge, to whom revenge belongs,
 Here should'st thou perish on my rapiers point.
 Call'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,
 And all that are of thy condition.

Hubert.

My lords, but heare me speake, and kil me then,
 If here I left not this yong prince alive,
 Maugre the haitie edict of the king,
 Who gave me charge to put out both his eyes,

That

That God that gave me living to this houre,
 Thunder revenge upon me in this place:
 And as I tendred him with earnest love,
 So God love me, and then I shall be we'l.

Salisbury.

Hence traytor hence, thy counfel is herein.

[*Exit* Hubert.]

Some in this place appointed by the king,
 Have throwne him from this lodging here above,
 And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
 For yet the body is not fully cold.

Effex.

How say you lords, shal we with speed dispatch
 Under our hands a packet into *France*,
 'To bid the *Dolphin* enter with his force,
 'To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
 His titie maketh lawfull strength thereto.
 Besides, the Pope, on peril of his curse,
 Hath bard us of obedience unto *John*,
 'This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true descent,
 'The holy charge that we receiv'd from *Rome*,
 Are weightie reasons, if you like my recd,
 'To make us all persever in this deed.

Pembroke.

My lord of *Effex*, well have you advis'd,
 I will accord to further you in this.

Salisbury.

And *Salisbury* will not gaine say the same:
 But aide that course as farre forth as he can.

Effex.

Then each of us send straight to his allies,
 To win them to this famous enterprise:
 And let us all yclad in palmers weed,
 The tenth of *April* at *S. Edmunds Bury*
 Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
 Swear secrecie and aid to this advise.
 Meane while, let us convey this body hence,
 And give him buriall, as befits his state,
 Keeping his mouths mind, and his obsequies
 With solemne intercession for his soule.
 How say you lordings, are you all agreed?

Pembroke.

Pembroke.

The tenth of *April* at *S. Edmunds Burie*,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Effex.

Then let us all convey the body hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter K. John, with two or three, and the prophet.

John.

Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That every object these mine eies behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *John* feare not then
The prodigies this prattling prophet threats.
Tis come indeed: ah were it fully past,
Then were I carelesse of a thousand feares.
The diall tels me, it is twelve at noone.
Were twelve at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
False seers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remove the sunne from our meridian,
Unto the moonest circle of th' *Antipodes*,
As turne this Steele from twelve to twelve agen,
Then *John*, the date of faull prophecies,
Should with the prophets lite together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem supremique labra.*
Peter, unsay thy foolish doting dreame,
And by the crowne of *England* here I sweare,
To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

Peter.

King *John*, although the time I have prescrib'd
Be but twelve houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inspiration,
Ere that sixt time be fully come about,
King *John* shall not be king as heretofore.

John.

Vaine buzzard, what mischance can chance so soone,
To set a king beside his regall seat?

My

My heart is good, my body passing strong,
 My land in peace, my enemies subdu'd,
 Onely my barons storme at *Arthurs* death,
 But *Arthur* lives, I there the challenge growes,
 Were he dispatch'd unto his longest home,
 Then were the king secure of thousand foes.
Hubert, what newes with thee, where are my lords?

Hubert.

Hard newes my lord, *Arthur* the lovely prince,
 Seeking to escape over the castle walles,
 Fell headlong downe, and in the curfed fall
 He brake his bones, and there before the gate
 Your barons found him dead. and breathlesse quite.

John.

Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more wordes hang
 the prophet.

Away with *Peter*, villain out of my sight,
 I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.
 Now *John*, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
 Sweet youth, but that I strived for a crowne,
 I could have well afforded to thine age,
 Long lite, and happinesse to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

John.

Philip what newes with thee?

Bastard.

The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
 Who wisht like fortune to befall us all:
 And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
 Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

John.

There let him hang, and be the ravens food,
 While *John* triumphs in spite of prophecies.
 But whats the tydings from the popelings now?
 What say the monkes and priests to our proceedings?
 Or where's the barons that so suddainely
 Did leave the king upon a false surmise?

Bastard.

Bastard.

The prelates storme and thirst for sharp revenge :
But please your majestie, were that the worst,
Is little skild : a greater danger growes,
Which must be weeded out by carefull speed,
Or all is lost, for all is leveld at.

John.

More frights and feares ! what ere thy tidings be,
I am prepar'd : then *Philip*, quickly say,
Meane they to murder, or imprison me,
To give my crowne away to *Rome* or *France* ;
Or will they each of them become a king ?
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Bastard.

Not worse my lord, but every whit as bad.
The nobles have elected *Lewis* king,
In right of lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife :
His landing is expected every houre,
The nobles, commons, clergie, all estates,
Incited chiefly by the cardinall,
Pandulph that lies here legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to see their new elected king.
And for undoubted prooffe, see here my liege,
Letters to me from your nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action :
Who under shew of fained holinesse,
Appoint their meeting at *S. Edmunds Burie*.
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The overthrowe and downefall of your state.

John.

Why so it must be : one houre of content,
Match'd with a month of passionate effects.
Why shines the sunne to favour this consort ?
Why doe the winds not break their brazen gates,
And scatter all these perjur'd complices,
With all their counsels, and their damned drifts ?
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them ;
The heaven, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,
Conspire with those confederates my decay.

Then

'Then hell for me, if any power be there,
 Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,
 To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
 These traytors : oh that name is too good for them,
 And death is easie : is there nothing worse,
 To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew ?
 What saist thou *Philip* ? why affisls thou not ?

Bastard.

These curses (good my lord) fit not the season :
 Help must descend from heaven against this treason ?

John.

Nay thou wilt prove a traytor with the rest,
 Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

Bastard.

I would be loath to leave your highnesse thus,
 Yet you command, and I, though griev'd, will goe.

John.

Ah *Philip*, whither go'st thou ? come againe.

Bastard.

My lord, these motions are as passions of a mad man.

John.

A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
 My heart is maz'd, my fences all foredone.
 And *John* of *England* now is quite undone.
 Was ever king as I oppress'd with cares ?
 Dame *Elleanor* my noble mother queene,
 My onely hope and comfort in distresse,
 Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
 And I am interdicted by the pope,
 All churches curst, their doores are sealed up,
 And for the pleasure of the *Romish* priest,
 The service of the highest is neglected,
 The multitude (a beatt of many heads)
 Doe wish confusion to their soveraigne :
 The nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
 Assemble powers to beate mine empire downe,
 And more than this, elect a forrein king.
 O *England*, wert thou ever miserable,
 King *John* of *England* sees thee miserable:
John, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,

Quicquid

Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Philip, as thou hast ever lov'd thy king,
So show it now : post to *S. Edmunds Burie*,
Dissemble with the nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their divellish plots, and damned devises.
Though *John* be faultie, yet let subjects beare,
He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother though shee were unnaturall,
Is better than the kindest step-dame is :
Let never *Englishman* trust forraine rule.
Then *Philip* shew thy fealty to thy king,
And mongit the nobles plead thou for the king.

Bastard.

I goe my lord : see how he is distraught,
This is the curst priest of *Italy*
Hath heap'd these mischiefes on this haplesse land.
Now *Philip*, hadst thou *Tullies* eloquence,
Then might'st thou hope to plead with good success. [*Exit.*

John.

And art thou gone ? successe may follow thee :
Thus hast thou shew'd thy kindnesse to thy king,
Sirra, in haste goe greet the cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the legat from the Pope.
Say that the king desires to speake with him.
Now *John* bethinke thee how thou maist resolve ;
And if thou wilt continue *Englands* king,
Then cast about to keepe thy diadem ;
For life and land, and all is leveld at.
The pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cause,
He curseth thee, he sets thy subjects free
From due obedience to their soveraigne :
He animates the nobles in their waies,
He gives away the crowne to *Philips* sonne,
And pardons all that seeke to murder thee :
And thus blind zeale is still predominant.
Then *John* there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
But finely to dissemble with the pope :
That hand that gave the wound must give the salve
To cure the hurt, else quite incurable.
Thy finnes are farre too great to be the man

T'abolish

T'abolish pope, and poperie from thy realme:
 But in thy feate, if I may guesse at all,
 A king shall raigne that shall suppress them all.
 Peace *John*, here comes the legate of the pope,
 Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou sai'st,
 Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pandulph.

Now *John*, unworthy man to breath on earth,
 That do'it oppugne against thy mother church:
 Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe?

John.

Thou man of God, vicegerent for the pope,
 The holy vicar of S. *Peters* church,
 Upon my knees, I pardon crave of thee,
 And doe submit me to the see of *Rome*,
 And vow for penance of my high offence,
 To take on me the holy crosse of Christ,
 And carry armes in holy christian warres.

Pandulph.

No *John*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
 Cannot deceive the legate of the pope,
 Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
 Thy crowne and kingdome both are tane away,
 And thou art curst without redemption.

John.

Accurst indeede to kneele to such a drudge,
 And get no help with thy submission,
 Unsheathe thy sword, and sleigh the misprowd priest
 That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie king:
 No *John*, submit againe, dissemble yet,
 For priests and women must be flattered.
 Yet holy father thou thy selfe dost know,
 No time too late for sinners to repent,
 Absolve me then, and *John* doth sweare to do
 'The uttermost what ever thou demaundst.

Pandulph.

John, now I see thy hearty penitence,
 I rew and pittie thy distrest estate,

One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
 And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
 Thou must surrender to the see of *Rome*
 Thy crowne and diadem, then shall the pope
 Defend thee from th'invasion of thy foes.
 And where his holinesse hath kindled *Fraunce*,
 And set thy subjects hearts at warre with thee,
 Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
 That seeke the discontentment of the king.

John.

From bad to worse, or I must loose my realme,
 Or give my crowne for penance unto *Rome*:
 A miserie more piercing than the darts
 That breake from burning exhalations power.
 What, shall I give my crowne with this right hand?
 No: with this hand defend thy crowne and thee.
 What newes with thee?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your majestie, there is descried on the coast of
Kent an hundred sayle of ships, which of all men is thought
 to be the *French* fleet, under the conduct of the *Dolphin*, so
 that it puts the countrey in a mutiny, so they send to your
 grace for succour.

K. John.

How now lord Cardinal, what's your best advise?
 These mutinies must be allaid in time,
 By policy or headstrong rage at least.
O John, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
 And like to *Luna* in a sad eclipse,
 So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
 Well may it be, when kings are grieved so,
 The vulgar sort worke princes overthrowe.

Cardinal.

K. John, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
 This strange annoyance happens to thy land:
 But yet be reconcil'd unto the church,
 And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.

T

John.

John.

Oh *Pandulph*, be it as thou hast decreed,
John will not spurne against thy sound advise,
 Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
 My realme shall flourish, and my crowne in peace.

*Enter the nobles, Pembroke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe.
 Clare, with others.*

Pembroke.

Now sweet S. *Edmund* holy saint in heaven,
 Whose shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,
 Infuze a constant zeale in all our hearts,
 To prosecute this act of mickle weight,
 Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends have you procur'd.

Bewchampe.

The L. *Fitz Water*, L. *Percie*, and L. *Rosse*,
 Vow'd meeting here this day the leventh houre.

Essex.

Under the cloke of holy pilgrimage,
 By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantaginct, a bird of swiftest wing,
 Lord *Eustace*, *Vesey*, lord *Cressy*, and lord *Mowbrey*,
 Appointed meeting at S. *Edmunds* shrine.

Pembroke.

Untill their presence, Ile conceale my tale,
 Sweet complices in holy christian acts,
 That venture for the purchasse of renowne,
 Thrice welcome to the league of high resolve,
 That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.

Essex.

Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
 In pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
 A furlong hence, with swift unwoonted pace,
 May be they are the persons you expect.

Pembroke.

With swift unwoonted gate, see what a thing is zeale,
 That spurs them on with fervence to this shrine,
 Now joy come to them for their true intent:
 And in good time, here come the war-men all,

That

That sweat in body by the minds disease :
Hap and harts-ease brave lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard Philip, &c.

Amen my lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that travell in a christian cause.

Exit.

Cheerely repli'd brave branch of kingly stocke,
A right *Plantagenet* should reason so.
But silence lords, attend our commings cause :
The servile yoke that pained us with toyle,
On strong instinct hath fram'd this conventicle,
To ease our necks of servitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
Which of you all so barren in conceipt,
As cannot levell at the man I meane ?
But lest enigma's shadow shining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
Th'effect of this resort importeth this,
To root and cleane extirpate tyrant *John*,
Tyrant I say, appealing to the man,
If any here that loves him, and I aske,
What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne,
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach ?
First I inferre the *Chesters* banishment :
For reprehending him in most unchristian crimes,
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the divell should be sav'd,
But this the least of many thousand faults,
That circumstance with leisure might display.
Our private wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in presence, but for some great cause
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
But shall I close the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of christian men,
His cousins death, that sweet unguiltie child,
Untimeiy butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Here are my proofes, as cleere as gravel brooke,
And on the same I further must inferre,

T 2

That

That who upholds a tyrant in his course,
 Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
 To shew the which, is yet to be describ'd.
 My lord of *Pembrooke*, shewe what is behinde,
 Onely I say, that were there nothing else
 To moove us, but the popes most dreadfull curse,
 Whereof we are assured, if we faile,
 It were enough to instigate us all,
 With earnestnesse of sprite, to seeke a meane
 To disposseesse *John* of his regiment.

Pembrooke.

Well hath my lord of *Essex* told his tale,
 Which I averre for most substantiall truth,
 And more to make the matter to our minde,
 I say that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
 Hath title of an uncontroled plea,
 To all that longeth to our *English* crowne.
 Short tale to make, the sea apostolike,
 Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.
 If any be, as trust me none I know,
 By planting *Lewis* in the usurpers roome:
 This is the cause of all our presence here,
 That on the holy altar we protest,
 To aid the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
 Who on our knowledge is in armes for *England*.
 What say you lords?

Salisbury.

As *Pembrooke* saith, affirmeth *Salisbury*:
 Faire *Lewis* of *France* that spoused lady *Blanch*,
 Hath title of an uncontroled strength
 To *England*, and what longeth to the crowne:
 In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
 The prince is marching hitherward in armes.
 Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,
 Is to invest him as we may devise,
 King of our countrey, in the tyrants stead:
 And so the warrant on the altar sworne,
 And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bastard.

My lord of *Salisbury*, I cannot couch
 My speeches with the needfull words of arte,

As doth befeeme in fuch a waightie worke,
 But what my confcience and my duty will,
 I purpofe to impart.
 For *Chefters* exile, blame his bufie wit,
 That medled where his duty quite forbade :
 For any private caufes that you have,
 Me thinke they fhould not mount to fuch a height,
 As to depofe a king in their revenge.
 For *Arthurs* death, K. *John* was innocent,
 He desperate was the deathfman to himfelfe,
 Which you, to make a colour to your crime, injuftly do im-
 pute to his default,
 But wher fel traitorifme hath refidence,
 There wants no words to fet defpight on worke.
 I fay tis fhame, and worthy all reproofe,
 To wrefte fuch petty wrongs in tearms of right,
 Againft a king annointed by the lord.
 Why *Salfburie*, admit the wrongs are true,
 Yet fubjects may not take in hand revenge,
 And rob the heavens of their proper power,
 Where fitteth he to whom revenge belongs.
 And doth a pope, a prieft, a man of pride,
 Give charters for the lives of lawfull kings ?
 What can he bleffe, or who regards his curfe,
 But fuch as give to man, and take from God ?
 I fpeake it in the fight of God above,
 There's not a man that dies in your beleefe,
 But fels his foule perpetually to paine.
 Aid *Lewis*, leave God, kill *John*, please hell,
 Make havocke of the welfare of your foules,
 For here I leave you in the fight of heaven,
 A troope of traytors, food for hellifh fiends ;
 If you defift, then follow me as friends,
 If not, then doe your worft, as hatefull traytors.
 For *Lewis* his right, alaffe tis too too lame,
 A fenfleffe claime, if truth be titles friend.
 In brieft, if this be caufe of our refort,
 Our pilgrimage is to the divels shrine.
 I came not lords, to troupe as traytors doe,
 Nor will I counfell in fo bad a caufe :

Please you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my king, and you where traytors please. [Exit.

Percie.

A hot yong man, and so my lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better lost than found.

Pembrooke.

What say you lords, will all the rest proceed,
Will you all with me sweare upon the altar,
That you wil to the death, be aid to *Le.* and enemy to *John?*
Every man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts accord,
Wel then, every man to armes to meet the king,
Who is already before *London.*

Enter Messenger.

Pembrooke.

What newes herauld?

Messenger.

The right christian prince my master, *Lewis* of *France*, is at
hand, coming to visit your honours, directed hither by the right
honourable *Richard* earle of *Bigot*, to conferre with your
honours.

Pembrooke.

How neere is his highnesse?

Messenger.

Ready to enter your presence.

Enter Lewis, earle Bigot, with his troute.

Lewis.

Faire lords of *England*, *Lewis* salutes you all
As friends, and fime wei-willers of his weale
At whose request, from plentie flowing *France*,
Crossing the ocean with a southerne gale,
He is in person come at your commands,
To undertake and gratifie withall,
The fulnesse of your favours profferd him.
But worlds brave men, omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heavens dewing favours on my head,
Have in their conduct safe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,

With

With small repulse, and little crosse of chance.
 Your citie *Rochester*, with great applause,
 By some divine instinct laid armes aside:
 And from the hollow holes of *Thamesis*,
 Eccho apace repli'd, *Vive le Roy*.
 From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
 To *Treynouant*, your faire metropolis,
 With lucke came *Lewis*, to shew his troupes of *France*,
 Waving our ensignes with the dallying winds,
 The searefull object of fell frowning warre;
 Where after some assault, and small defence,
 Heavens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
 Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
 Within the compasse of their high built wals,
 Giving me title, as it seemd they wish.
 Thus fortune (lords) acts to your forwardnesse,
 Meanes of content, in lieu of former grieve:
 And may I live but to requite you all,
 Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours.

Salisbury.

Welcom the balme that closeth up our wounds,
 The soveraigne medicine for our quicke recure,
 The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
 Whereon depends our lives, our lands, our weale,
 Without the which, as sheepe without their heird,
 (Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)
 We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
 No marvell then, though with unwonted joy,
 We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lewis.

Thanks to you all of this religious league,
 A holy knot of catholike consent.
 I cannot name you lordings, man by man,
 But like a stranger unacquainted yet,
 In generall I promise faithfull love:
 Lord *Bigot* brought me to S. *Edmunds* shrine,
 Giving me warrant of a christian oath,
 That this assembly came devoted here,
 To sweare according as your packets show'd,
 Homage and loyall service to our selfe,

T 4

I need

296 THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

I need not doubt the furetie of your wils,
 Since well I know, for many of your sakes,
 The townes have yeelded on their own accords :
 Yet for a fashion, not for misbeleefe,
 My eyes must witnesse, and these eares must heare
 Your oath upon the holy altar sworne,
 And after march, to end our commings cause.

Salisbury.

'That we intend no other than good truth,
 All that are present of this holy league,
 For confirmation of our better trust,
 In presence of his highnesse, sweare with me,
 'The sequel that myselfe shall utter here.

I *Thomas Plantagenet*, earle of *Salisbury*, sweare upon the
 altar, and by the holy army of saints, homage and alleageance
 to the right christian prince *Lewis* of *France*, as true and right-
 full king to *England*, *Cornewall*, and *Wales*, and to their terri-
 tories : in the defence whereof, I upon the holy altar sweare
 all forwardnesse.

[*All the Eng. Lo. sweare.*]

As the noble earle hath sworne, so sweare we all.

Lewis.

I rest assured on your holy oath,
 And on this altar in like sort I sweare
 Love to you all, and princely recompence
 To guerdon your good wils unto the full.
 And since I am at this religious shrine,
 My good wel-willers give us leave a while,
 To use some orizons our selves apart,
 To all the holy company of heaven,
 That they will smile upon our purposes,
 And bring them to a fortunate event.

Salisbury.

We leave your highnesse to your good intent.

[*Exeunt lords of England.*]

Lewis.

Now vicount *Meloun*, what remains behind ?
 Trust me these traytors to their soveraigne state,
 Are not to be beleev'd in any sort.

Meloun.

Indeed my lord, they that infringe their oths,
 And play the rebels gainst their native king,

Will for as little cause revolt from you,
 If ever opportunitie incite them so:
 For once forsworne, and never after found,
 There's no affiance after perjury.

Lewis.

Well *Meloun*, wel, let's smoothe with them awhile,
 Untill we have as much as they can doe:
 And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
 Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
 Meane while wee'l use them as a pretious poyson,
 To undertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lord.

'Tis policy (my lord) to baite our hookes
 With merry smiles, and promise of much weight:
 But when your highnesse needeth them no more,
 'Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede
 They proove to you as to their naturall king.

Meloun.

Trust mee my lord, right well have you advise,
 Venome for use, but never for a sport
 Is to be dallied with, lest it infect.
 Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall:
 Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

Lewis.

That so I meane, I sweare before you all
 On this same altar, and by heavens power,
 Theres not an *English* traitor of them all,
John once dispatcht, and I faire *Englands* king,
 Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
 But I will crop it for their guiltis desert:
 Nor shall their heires enjoy their seigniories,
 But perish by their parents foule amisse.
 This have I sworne, and this will I performe,
 If ere I come unto the height I hope.
 Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me.

[*The French lords sweare.*]

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,
 A smile of *Fraunce* will feed an *English* foole.
 Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:
 But in the heart like traitors as they are.

Enter.

Enter the English lords.

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world,
Have we solicited with hearty prayer
The heaven in favour of our high attempt.
Leave we this place, and march we with our power
To rowse the tyrant from his chieftest hold :
And when our labours have a prosperous end,
Each man shall reape the fruit of his desert.
And so resolv'd, brave followers let us hence.

Enter K. John, Bastard, Pandulph, and a many priests with them.

Pandulph.

Thus *John*, thou art absolv'd from all thy sinnes,
And freed by order from our fathers curse.
Receive thy crowne againe, with this proviso,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.

John.

I holde the same as tenant to the pope,
And thanke your holinesse for your kindnesse shewne.

Philip.

A proper jest, when kings must sloop to friers,
Need hath no law, when friers must be kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Please it your majestie, the prince of *France*,
With all the nobles of your graces land
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where ere they set their foot, all places yeeld :
Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But *Dover* castle, which is hard besieg'd.

Pandulph.

Feare not king *John*, thy kingdome is the popes,
And they shall know his holinesse hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums

Drums and trumpets. Enter Lewes, Melun, Salisbury, Essex, Pembroke, and all the nobles from Fraunce and England.

Lewes.

Pandulph, as gave his holinesse in charge,
So hath the *Dolphin* mustred up his troupes,
And wonne the greatest part of all this land.
But ill becomes your grace lord Cardinall,
Thus to converse with *John* that is accurst.

Pandulph.

Lewes of *France*, victorious conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardnesse to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know my lord, K. *John* is now absolv'd,
The Pope is please'd, the land is blest agen,
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the pope would wish thee doe.

Lewes.

But all's not done that *Lewes* came to do.
Why *Pandulph*, hath king *Philip* sent his sonne
And beene at such excessive charge in warres,
To be dismiss'd with words? king *John* shall know,
England is mine, and he usurps my right.

Pandulph.

Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices
Upon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curse,
That thou withdraw thy powers to *Fraunce* againe,
And yeeld up *London* and the neighbour townes
That thou hast tane in *England* by the sword.

Melun.

Lord Cardinall by *Lewes* princely leave,
It can be nought but usurpation
In thee, the pope, and all the church of *Rome*,
Thus to insult on kings of *Christendome*,
Now with a word to make them carrie armes,
Then with a word to make them leave their armes.
'This must not be: prince *Lewes* keepe thine owne,
Let pope and popelings curse their bellies full.

Bastard.

Bastard.

My lord of *Melun*, what title had the prince
To *England* and the crowne of *Albion*,
But such a title as the pope confirm'd:
The prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewes is but the agent for the pope,
Then must the *Dolphin* cease, sith he hath ceast:
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my lords and barons of the land
Will leave the *French*, and cleave unto our king.
For shame yee peeres of *England* suffer not
Your selves, your honours, and your land to fall:
But with resolved thoughts beate backe the *French*,
And free the land from yoke of servitude.

Salisbury.

Philip, not so, lord *Lewes* is our king,
And wee will follow him unto the death.

Pandulph.

Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curse the prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell peeres
As traitors to the king and to the pope.

Lewes.

Pandulph, our swords shall blesse our selves agen:
Prepare thee *John*, lords follow me your king.

[*Exeunt.*

John.

Accursed *John*, the divell owes thee shame,
Resisting *Rome*, or yeelding to the pope, all's one.
The divell take the pope, the peeres, and *Fraunce*:
Shame be my share for yeelding to the priest.

Pandulph.

Comfort thy selfe king *John*, the cardnall goes
Upon his curse to make them leave their armes.

[*Exit.*

Bastard.

Comfort my lord, and curse the cardinall,
Betake your selfe to armes, my troupes are prest
To answer *Lewes* with a lustie shooke:
The *English* archers have their quivers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are prest to push:
Good cheere my lord, king *Richards* fortune hangs
Upon the plume of warrelike *Philips* helme.

Then

Then let them know his brother and his sonne
Are leaders of the *Englishmen* at armes.

John.

Philip, I know not how to answer thee :
But let us hence, to answer *Leves* pride.

Excursions. Enter Meloun with English lords.

Meloun.

O I am flaine, nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My soule is charged, heare me : for what I say
Concerns the peeres of *England*, and their state.
Listen, brave lords, a fearefull mourning tale
To be delivered by a man of death.
Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* prison house ?
Lifes charter (lordings) lasteth not an houre :
And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bids me give phylicke to a sickely soule.
O peeres of *England*, know you what you do ?
There's but a haire that sunders you from harme,
The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
And simply you runne doating to your deaths.
But lest I die, and leave my tale untolde,
With silence slaughtering so brave a crew,
This I averre, if *Leves* winne the day,
There's not an *Englishman* that lifts his hand
Against king *John* to plant the heire of *France*,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vow'd ; my selfe amongst the rest
Swore on the altar aide to this edict.
Two causes lords, makes me display this drift,
The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
That longs to leave this mansion free from guilt :
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my grandfire was an *Englishman*.
Misdoubt not lords the truth of my discourse,
No frensie, nor no brainicke idle fit,
But well advise, and wotting what I say,
Pronounce I here before the face of heaven,

That

That nothing is discovered but a truth.

Tis time to flie, submit your selves to *John*,

The smiles of *Fraunce* shade in the frownes of death,

Lift up your swords, turne face against the *French*,

Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.

Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,

Your seate, your nurse, your birth dayes breathing place,

That bred you, beares you, brought you up in armes.

Ah! be not so ingrate to digge your mothers grave,

Preserve your lambes and beate away the wolfe.

My soule hath said, contritions penitence

Laies hold on mans redemption for my sinne.

Farewell my lords; witnesse my faith when we are met in
heaven,

And for my kindnesse give me grave roome here.

My soule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell.

Salisbury.

Now joy betide thy soule well-meaning man,

How now my lords, what cooling carde is this?

A greater grieve growes now than earst hath beene.

What counsell give you, shall we stay and die?

Or shall we home, and kneele unto the king.

Pembroke.

My heart misgave this sad accursed newes :

What have we done ? fie lords, what frensie moved

Our hearts to yeeld unto the pride of *Fraunce*?

If we persever, we are sure to die :

If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Salisbury.

Beare hence the body of this wretched man,

That made us wretched with his dying tale,

And stand not wayling on our present harmes,

As women wont : but seeke our harmes redresse.

As for my selfe, I will in haste be gone :

And kneele for pardon to our soveraign *John*.

Pembroke.

I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,
Than to the *French* that would confound us all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter king John carried betweene two lords.

John.

Set downe, set downe the loades not worth your paine,
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe :
Sickely and succourlesse, hopelesse of any good,
The world hath wearied me, and I have wearied it :
It loathes I live, I live and loathe my selfe.
Who pities me ? to whom have I beene kinde ?
But to a few ; a few will pitie me.
Why die I not ? death scornes so vilde a prey.
Why live I not, life hates so sad a prize.
I sue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

Philip.

How fares my lord, that he is carried thus ?
Not all the aukeward fortunes yet besalne,
Made such impression of lament in me.
Nor ever did my eye attaint my heart
With any object mooving more remorse,
Than now beholding of a mighty king,
Borne by his lords in such distressed state.

John.

What newes with thee ? if bad, report it straight :
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Philip.

Such as it is, and heavy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke elegies,
Once will I breathe to aggravate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full.
The bravest bow-man had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quiver at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our campe,
That *John* was fled, the king had left the field.
At last the rumor scal'd these eares of mine,
Who rather chose as sacrifice for *Mars*,
Than ignominious scandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the prince of *Troy*
His weary followers against the *Mermidons*,

Crying

Crying alowd, *S. George*, the day is ours.
 But feare had captivated courage quite,
 And like the lambe before the greedie wolfe,
 Se heartlesse fled our war-men from the field.
 Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
 Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
 By this time night had shadowed all the earth.
 With sable curtaines of the blackest hue,
 And fenc'd us from the furie of the *French*,
 As *Io* from the jealous *Juno*s eie,
 When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
 Passing the washes with our carriages,
 The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
 Came raging in with billowes threatening death,
 And swallowed up the most of all our men,
 My selfe upon a galloway right free, well pac'd,
 Out stript the floods that followed wave by wave,
 I so escap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

John.

Griefe upon griefe, yet none so great a griefe
 To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
 Was ever any so infortunate,
 The right idea of a cursed man,
 As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
 My fever growes, what ague shakes me so ?
 How farre to *Swinstead*, tell me, do you know ?
 Present unto the abbot word of my repaire.
 My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize upon me,
 I cannot live unlesse this fever leave me.

Philip.

Good cheere my lord, the abbey is at hand,
 Behold my lord, the churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monkes.

Abbot.

All health and happines to our soveraigne lord the king.

John.

Nor health nor happines hath *John* at all.
 Say abbot, am I welcome to thy house ?

Abbot.

Abbot.

Such welcome as our abbey can afford,
Your majestie shall be assured of.

Philip.

The king thou seest is weake and very faint,
What victuals hast thou to refresh his grace?

Abbot.

Good store my lord, of that you need not feare,
For *Lincolneshire*, and these our abbey grounds
Were never fatter, nor in better plight.

John.

Philip, thou never needst to doubt of cates,
Nor king nor lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the abbeis throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do passe another,
The friers fasten on it strait:
But let us in to taste of their repast,
It goes against my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholding to such abbey groomes.

[*Exeunt.*]*Manet the Monke.**Monke.*

Is this the king that never lov'd a frier?
Is this the man that doth contemne the pope?
Is this the man that rob'd the holy church?
And yet will flie unto a friory?
Is this the king that aymes at abbeis lands?
Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,
And yet will flie unto a friorie?
Accurst be *Swinstead* abbey, abbot, friers,
Monkes, nunnes, and clarks, and all that dwells therein,
If wicked *John* escape alive away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heaven,
And be canonized for a holy saint:
To please the world with a deserving worke,
Be thou the man to set thy countrey free,
And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

U

Enter

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot.

Why are not you within to cheere the king?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monke.

What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

Abbot.

What, at thy *Mumpsimus*? away,
And seeke some meanes for to pastime the king.

Monke.

Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abbot.

Alas, what meanes this monke to murder me?
Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place.

Monke.

Ile poyson him, and it shall ne'r be knowne,
And then shall I be chieftest of my house.

Abbot.

If I were dead indeed he is the next,
But Ile away, for why the monke is mad,
And in his madnesse he will murder me.

Monke.

My L. I cry your lordship mercy, I saw you not.

Abbot.

Alas good *Thomas* do not murder me, and thou shalt have my
place with thousand thanks.

Monke.

I murder you ! God shield from such a thought.

Abbot.

If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.

Monke.

I will not hurt your lordship good my lord : but if you please,
I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to us all.

Abbot.

Wilt thou not hurt me holy monke? say on.

Monke.

You know my lord, the king is in our house.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

You know likewise the king abhorres a frier.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

And he that loves not a frier is our enemy.

Abbot.

Thou saist true.

Monke.

Then the king is our enemy.

Abbot.

True.

Monke.

Why then should we not kil our enemy, and the king being our enemy, why then should we not kill the K.

Abbot.

O blessed monke! I see God moves thy minde to free this land from tyrants slavery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Monke.

Who dare? why I my lord dare do the deed,
Ile free my country and the church from foes,
And merit heaven by killing of a king.

Abbot.

Thomas kneele downe, and if thou art resolv'd,
I will absolve thee here from all thy sinnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for every month,
Our friers shall singe a masse for *Thomas* soule.

Monke.

God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt,
For now my lord I goe about my worke.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lewes and his armie.

Lewes.

Thus victorie in bloudie lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of yong *Lodowike*,
The *Englishmen* as danted at our sight,
Fall as the fowle before the eagles eies,
Onely two crosses of contrary change

Do nip my heart, and vex me with unrest.
 Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of my soule,
 A braver man did never live in *Fraunce*.
 The other grieve, I that's a gall indeed,
 To thinke that *Dover* castle should hold out
 Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
 Yee warrelike race of *Francus* *Hectors* sonne,
 Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *John*,
 The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
 And towards the conquest of the other part,
 We have the face of all the *English* lords,
 What then remaines but overrunne the land?
 Be resolute my warrelike followers,
 And if good fortune serve as shee begins,
 The poorest peasant of the realme of *France*
 Shal be a master ore an *English* lord.

Enter a messenger.

Lewes.

Fellow, what newes?

Messenger.

Pleaseth your grace, the earle of *Salisbury*, *Penbrooke*, *Essex*,
Clare, and *Arundell*, with all the barons that did fight for
 thee, are on a sodaine fled with all their powers, to joyne
 with *John*, to drive thee backe againe.

Enter another messenger.

Messenger.

Lewes my lord, why standst thou in a maze?
 Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from *Fraunce*,
 For all thy forces being fiftie saile,
 Containing twenty thousand souldiers,
 With victuall and munition for the warre,
 Putting them from *Calles* in unluckie time,
 Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
 The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another messenger.

Lewes.

More newes? say on.

Messenger.

Messenger.

John (my lord) with all his scattered troupes,
Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
As *Pharaoh* earst within the bloody sea,
So he and his environed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* washes all were overwhelmed,
The barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewes.

Was ever heard such unexpected newes?

Messenger.

Yet *Lodowike* revive thy dying heart,
King John and all his forces are confumde.
The lesse thou needst the aid of *English* earles,
The lesse thou needst to grieve thy navies wracke,
And follow times advantage with successe.

Lewes.

Brave *Frenchmen* arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewes*, who will leade you on
To chase the barons power that wants a head,
For *John* is drown'd, and I am *Englands* king.
Though our munition and our men be lost,
Philip of *Fraunce* will send us fresh supplies.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two friers laying a cloth.

Frier.

Dispatch, dispatch, the king desires to eate,
Would a might eate his last for the love he bears to church men.

Frier.

I am of thy mind too, and so it should be and we might
be our owne carvers.

I marvell why they dine here in the orchard.

Frier.

I know not, nor I care not. The king comes.

John.

Come on lord *Abbot*, shall we sit together?

Abbot.

Pleaseth your grace sit downe.

John.

Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury, all beggers and
friends may come, where necessitie keepes the house, curtesie
is barr'd the table, sit downe *Philip*.

U 3

Bastard

Bastard.

My lord, I am loth to allude so much to the proverb, honors change maners : a king is king, though fortune do her worst, and we as dutifull in despite of her frowne, as if your highnes were now in the highest tipe of dignitie.

John.

Come, no more adoe, and you tell mee much of dignity, you'l marre my appetite in a surfet of sorrow.

What cheere lord *Abbot*, me thinks ye frown like an host that knows his guest hath no money to pay the reckning ?

Abbot.

No my liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your majestie.

Bastard.

I think rather, my lord *Abbot*, you remember my last being here, when I went in progresse for powches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me.

Abbot.

Not so my lord, you, and the meanest follower of his majesty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke.

Wassell my liege, and as a poore monke may say, welcome to *Swinstead*.

John.

Begin monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a king.

Monke.

As much health to your highnesse as mine owne heart.

John.

I pledge thee kind monke.

Monke.

The merriest draught that ever was drunke in *England*.
Am I not too bold with your highnesse ?

John.

Not a whit, all friends and fellows for a time.

Monke.

If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any prooffe : why so it workes.

John.

Stay *Philip*, where's the monke ?

Bastard.

Bastard.

He is dead my lord.

*John.*Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.*Bastard.*

What cheere my liege? your collor gins to change.

John.

So doth my life: O *Philip*, I am poison'd.
 The monke, the divell, the poyson gins to rage,
 It will depose my selfe a king from raigne.

Bastard.

This abbot hath an interest in this act.
 At all adventures take thou that from me.
 There lie the abbot, abbey, lubber, divell.
 March with the monke unto the gates of hell.
 How fares my lord?

John.

Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen *Alpes*,
 To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
 That rageth as the fornace seven-fold hote.
 To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
 Power after power forsake their proper power,
 Onely the heart impugnes with faint resist
 The fierce invade of him that conquers kings,
 Helpe God, O paine! die *John*, O plague
 Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sinnes.
Philip, a chaire, and by and by a grave,
 My legges disdaine the carriage of a king.

Bastard.

A good my liege, with patience conquer griefe,
 And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

John.

Me thinkes I see a catalogue of sinne,
 Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
 The least enough to loose my part in heaven.
 Me thinkes the divell whispers in mine eares,
 And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,
 I must be damn'd for *Arthurs* sodaine death,
 I see I see a thousand thousand men
 Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,

And there is none so mercifull a God
 That will forgive the number of my finnes.
 How have I liv'd, but by anothers losse?
 What have I lov'd, but wracke of others weale?
 Where have I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
 Where have I done a deede deserving well?
 How, what, when, and where, have I bestow'd a day,
 That tended not to some notorious ill?
 My life replete with rage and tyrannie,
 Craves little pittie for so strange a death.
 Or, who will say that *John* deceasde too soone?
 Who will not say, he rather liv'd too long?
 Dishonour did attaint me in my life,
 And shame attendeth *John* unto his death.
 Why did I scape the fury of the *French*,
 And did not by the temper of their swords?
 Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
 Scorn'd by my foes, disdained of my friends.

Bastard.

Forgive the world and all your earthly foes,
 And call on *Christ*, who is your latest friend.

John.

My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man,
 Since *John* did yeeld unto the priest of *Rome*,
 Nor he nor his have prospred on the earth:
 Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
 But in the spirit I crie unto my God,
 As did the kingly prophet *David* cry,
 (Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
 I am not he shall build the lord a house,
 Or roote these locusts from the face of earth:
 But if my dying heart deceive me not,
 From out these loynes shall spring a kingly braunch
 Whose armes shall reach unto the gates of *Rome*,
 And with his teete treads downe the strumpets pride,
 That sits upon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
 Hath overcome in me weake natures power,
 And in the faith of *Jesu* *John* doth die.

Bastard.

Bastard.

See how he strives for life, unhappy lord,
Whose bowels are divided in themselves.
This is the fruit of poperie, when true kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by monkes and friers.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Please it your grace, the barons of the land,
Which all this while bare armes against the king,
Conducted by the legate of the Pope,
Together with the prince his highnesse sonne,
Do crave to be admitted to the presence of the king.

Bastard.

Your sonne, my lord, young *Henry* craves to see
Your majestie, and brings with him beside
The barons that revolted from your grace.
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile: lift up your selfe my lord,
And see the prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, yong Henry, the barons with daggers in their hands.

Prince.

O let me see my father ere he die:
O uncle, were you here, and suffred him
To be thus poyfined by a damned monke?
Ah he is dead, father, sweet father speake.

Bastard.

His speach doth faile, he hasterh to his end.

Pandulph.

Lords, give me leave to joy the dying king,
With sight of these his nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer up
Their lives for ransome of their foule offence.
Then good my lord, if you forgive them all,
Lift up your hand in token you forgive.

Salisbury.

We humbly thanke your royall majestie,
And vow to fight for *England* and her king:

And

And in the sight of *John* our soveraigne lord,
 In spite of *Lewes* and the power of *Fraunce*,
 Who hitherward are marching in all haste,
 We crowne yong *Henry* in his fathers sted.

Henry.

Help, help, he dies; ah father! looke on mee.

Legate.

K. *John*, farewell: in token of thy faith,
 And signe thou diest the servant of the lord,
 Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here,
 Thou diedst the servant of our saviour Christ.
 Now joy betide thy soule: what noise is this?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Help lords, the *Dolphin* maketh hitherward
 With ensignes of defiance in the winde,
 And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
 Expecting what their leaders will commaund.

Bastard.

Let's arme our selves in yong K. *Henries* right,
 And beate the power of *Fraunce* to sea againe.

Legate.

Philip not so, but I will to the prince,
 And bring him face to face to parley with you.

Bastard.

Lord *Salisbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
 So shall we bring these troubles to an end.

King.

Sweet uncle, if thou love thy soveraigne,
 Let not a stone of *Swinstead* abbey stand,
 But pull the house about the friers eares:
 For they have kill'd my father and my king.

[*Exeunt.*

A parley sounded, Lewes, Pandulph, Salisbury, &c.

Pandulph.

Lewes of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry* *Englands* king
 Requires to know the reason of the claime

That

That thou canst make to any thing of his.
 King *John*, that did offend, is dead and gone,
 See where his breathlesse trunk in presence lies,
 And he as heire apparant to the crowne
 Is now succeeded in his fathers roome.

Henry.

Lewes, what law of armes doth leade thee thus,
 To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
 Answer; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
 And make surrender of my right againe,
 Or trie thy title with the dint of sword:
 I tell thee *Dolbin*, *Henry* feares thee not,
 For now the barons cleave unto their king,
 And what thou hast in *England* they did get.

Lewes.

Henry of *England*, now that *John* is dead,
 That was the chiefeft enimie to *Fraunce*,
 I may the rather be inducde to peace.
 But *Salisbury*, and you barons of the realme,
 This strange revolt agrees not with the oath
 That you on *Bury* altare lately sware.

Salisbury.

Nor did the oath your highnesse there did take
 Agree with honour of the prince of *Fraunce*.

Bastard.

My lord, what answer make you to the king?

Dolbin.

Faith *Philip* this I say: it bootes not me,
 Nor any prince, nor power of *Christendome*,
 To seeke to win this iland *Albion*,
 Unlessse he have a partie in the realme
 By treason for to help him in his warres.
 The peeres which were the partie on my side,
 Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
 But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
 I am contented to depart the realme.

Henry.

On what conditions will your highnes yeeld?

Lewes.

That shall we thinke upon by more advice.

Bastard.

Bastard.

Then kings and princes, let these broils have end,
And at more leisure take upon the league.
Meane while to *Worster* let us beare the king,
And there interre his bodie, as beſeemes.
But first, in sight of *Leaves* heire of *Fraunce*,
Lords take the crowne, and set it on his head,
That by succession is our lawfull king.

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* raigne,
And bloodie warres are closed with happie league.
Let *England* live but true within it selfe,
And all the world can never wrong her state.
Leaves, thou shalt be bravely shipt to *Fraunce*,
For never *Frenchman* got of *English* ground
The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to *Worster* we will march;
Lords all, lay hands to beare your soveraigne
With obsequies of honour to his grave:
If *Englands* peeres and people joyne in one,
Nor pope, nor *France*, nor *Spaine* can do them wrong.

F I N I S.

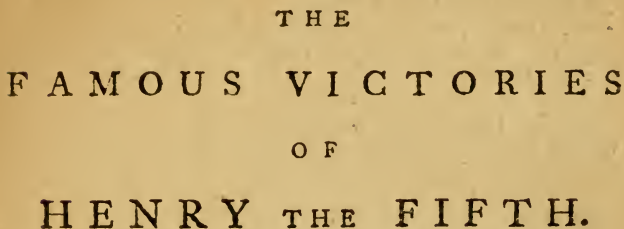
THE

THE
FAMOUS VICTORIES
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING
The Honourable Battell of AGIN-COURT.

As it was acted by the Kinges Majesties Servants.

L O N D O N,
Imprinted by *Barnard Alsop*, and are to be sold by *Tymothie
Barlow*, at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the
Signe of the Bull-head.



The Honourable Battell of AGIN-COURT.

Henry the Fifth.

Boet.

Henry 5.

Tell me firs, how much gold have you got.

Ncd.

Henry 5.

Tom.

Henry 5.

But tell me fir, thinke you not that it was a vaillainous part of me to rob my fathers recevvers?

Ned.

Ned.

Why, no my lord, it was but a trick of youth.

Henry 5.

Faith *Ned*, thou sayest true.

But tell me firs, where abouts are we?

Tom.

My lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Henry 5.

But firs, I marvell that Sir *John Oldcastle*
Comes not away : sounds see where he comes.

Enters Jockey.

How now *Jockey*, what newes with thee?

Jockey.

Faith my lord, such newes as passeth,
For the towne of *Deffort* is risen,
With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from us the last night,
And has set upon, and hath robd a poore carrier.

Henry 5.

Sownes, the villaine that was wont to spie
Out our booties.

Jockey.

I my lord, even the very fame.

Henry 5.

Now base-minded rascall to rob a poore carrier,
Well it skils not, ile save the base villaines life :
I, I may : but tell me *Jockey*, whereabout be the receyvers.

Jockey.

Faith my lord, they are hard by,
But the best is, we are a horse backe, and they be a foote,
So we may escape them.

Henry 5.

Well, I the villaines come, let mee alone with them.
But tell me *Jockey*, how much gots thou from the knaves,
For I am sure I got something, for one of the villaines
So belamde me about the shoulders,
As I shall feele it this moneth.

Jockey.

Faith my lord, I have got a hundred pound.

Henry 5.

A hundred pound, now bravely spoken *Jockey* :
 But come sirs, lay all your money before me,
 Now by heaven here is a brave shew :
 But as I am true gentleman, I will have the halfe
 Of this spent to night, but sirs, take up your bags.
 Here comes the Receyvers, let me alone.

*Enters two Receyvers.**One.*

Alas good fellow, what shall we doe ?
 I dare never go home to the court, for I shall be hangde,
 But here is the yong Prince, what shall we do ?

Henry 5.

How now you villaines, what are you ?

One Receyver.

Speake you to him.

Other.

No I pray, speake you to him.

Henry.

Why how now you rascals, why speake you not ?

One.

Forsooth we be, pray speake you to him.

Henry 5.

Sowns, villaines speake, or ile cut off your heads.

Other.

Forsooth he can tell the tale better then I.

One.

Forsooth we be your fathers Receyvers.

Henry 5.

Are you my fathers Receyvers.

Then I hope yee have brought me some money.

One.

Money : alasse sir wee be robd.

Henry 5.

Robd, how many were there of them ?

One.

Marry sir there were foure of them,
 And one of them had Sir *John Oldcastles* bay Hobbey,
 And your blacke nag.

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds how like you this *Jockey*,
 Blood you villaines : my father robd of his money abroad,
 And we in our stables.
 But tell me how many were there of them.

One Receyver.

If it please you, there were foure of them,
 And there was one about the bignesse of you :
 But I am sure I so belamde him about the shoulders,
 That he will teele it this moneth.

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds you lambde them fairely,
 So that they have carryed away your money.
 But come sirs what shall we doe with the villaines.

Both Receyvers.

I beseech your grace be good to us.

Ned.

I pray you my Lord forgive them this once.
 Well stand up and get you gone,
 And looke that you speake not a word of it,
 For if there be, fownes ile hang you and all your kin.

*[Exit Purseruant.]**Henry 5.*

Now sirs, how like you this ;
 Was not this bravely done :
 For now the villaines dare not speake a word of it,
 I have so feared them with words.
 Now whether shall we go.

All.

Why my lord, you know our old Hostesse at *Feversham*.

Henry 5.

Our Hostesse at *Feversham*, bloud what shall we doe there, we
 have a thousand pound about us.
 And we shall go to a petty Alehouse.
 No, no: y u know the old Taverne in Eastcheape,
 There is good wine : besides there is a pretty wench
 That can talke well, for I delight as much in their tongues,
 As any part about them.

All.

We are ready to wayte upon your grace.

Henry

Henry 5.

Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,
 We are all fellowes, I tell you firs, and the King my father
 were dead, wee would be all Kings,
 Therefore come away.

Ned.

Gogs wounds, bravely spoken *Harry.*

Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger.

John Cobler.

All is well here, all is well Matters.

Robin.

How say you, neighbour *John Cobler*?

I think it best that my neighbour

Robin Pewterer went to Pudding-lane end,

And we will watch here at Billinsgate ward.

How say you neighbour *Robin*, how like you this?

Robin.

Marry well neighbours:

I care not much if I go to Pudding-lane end.

But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,

Make haste: and if I heare any adoe about you,

I will come to you.

[*Exit Robin.*]*Lawrence.*

Neighbor what news heare you of the yong Prince?

John.

Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward young Prince,

For if he meet any by the high way,

He will not let to talke with him,

I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking
 fellowes.

Lawrence.

Indeed neighbour, I heare say hee is as lively

A young Prince as ever was.

John.

I, and I heare say, if he use it long,

His father will cut him off from the crowne:

But neighbour say nothing of that.

Lawrence.

No, no, neighbour I warrant you.

X 2

John.

John.

Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
 If you will, we will sit downe,
 For I thinke it is about midnight.

Lawrence.

Marry content neighbour, let us sleepe.

*Enter Dericke roving.**Dericke.*

Who, who there, who there ?

[*Exit Dericke.*]*Enter Robin.**Robin.*

O neighbours, what meane you to sleepe,
 And such adoe in the streetes ?

Ambo.

How now neighbour, whats the matter ?

*Enter Dericke againe.**Dericke.*

Who there, who there, who there ?

Cobler.

Why, what aylest thou ? here is no horses.

Dericke.

O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there ?

Robin.

Hold him neighbour *Cobler.*

Cobler.

Why I see thou art a plaine clowne.

Dericke.

Am I a clowne, fownes masters,

Do clownes goe in filke apparel.

I am sure all we gentlemen clownes in *Kent* scant goe so well :

Sounes you know clownes very well.

Heare you, are you Master Constable, and you be speake :

For I will not take it at his hands.

John.

Faith I am not Master Constable,

But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

[*Dericke.*]

Dericke.

Is not master Constable here?
Well it is no matter, He have the law at his hands.

John.

Nay I pray you do not take the law of us.

Dericke.

You are one of his beastly officers.

John.

I am one of his bad officers.

Dericke.

Why then I charge thee looke to him.

Cobler.

Nay but heare yee sir, you seeme to be an honest
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night,
And we would be loath to have any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it up.

Dericke.

First, thou sayest true, I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seem to be poore men, therefore I care not greatly,
Nay I am quickly pacified,
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you lay hold on him.

Robin.

Yes that we will; I warrant you.

Dericke.

Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the knave is, now I
have forgiven him.

John.

Neighbours, doe yee looke about you,
How now, who's there?

Enter the theefe.

Theefe.

Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the way to the
olde Taverne in Eastcheape.

Dericke.

Whoope hollo, now *Gadshill*, knowest thou mee?

Theefe.

I know thee for an asse.

X 3

Dericke.

Dericke.

And I know thee for a taking fellow.
 Upon Gad's hill in Kent.
 A bots light upon you.

Theefe.

The worson villaine would be knockt.

Dericke.

Masters, villaine, and ye be men stand to him,
 And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you,

John.

My friend, what make you abroad now?
 It is too late to walke now.

Theefe.

It is not too late for true men to walke.

Lawrence.

We know thee not to be a true man.

Theefe.

Why what doe you meane to doe with me?
 Sounes I am one of the Kings liege people.

Dericke.

Heare you fir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theefe.

I marry am *I* fir, what say you to it?

Dericke.

Marry fir, I say you are one of the Kings filching people.

Cobler.

Come, come, lets have him away.

Theefe.

Why what have *I* done.

Robin.

Thou hast robd a poore fellow,
 And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe.

I never saw him before.

Dericke.

Maisters who comes here?

*Enter the Vintners boy.**Boy.*

How now good man Cobler?

Cobler.

Cobler.

How now *Robin*, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?

Boy.

Marrie I have bene at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as never you have hearde the like.

Cobler.

What is that *Robin*, what is the matter?

Boy.

Why this night about two houres agoe, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyie of musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the walls, and then they drewe their swords, and went into the street and fought, and some tooke one part, and some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloody fray as palleth, and none could parte them untill such time as the Mayor and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last, with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the young Prince was carryed to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a messenger from the court in all haste, from the King, for my Lorde Mayor and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

Cobler.

Here is newes indeed *Robert.*

Lawrence.

Marry Neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, I thinke it best Neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellow first.

Theefe.

What meane you to doo with me?

Cobler.

Wee meane to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the sessions day.

Theefe.

Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cobler.

Nay, thou must goe to the countrey prison, to Newgate, therefore come away.

Theefe.

I prethee be good to me honest fellow.

Dericke.

I marry will I, ile be very charitable to thee,
For I wil never leave thee, til I see thee on the gallows.

*Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter, and the
Lord of Oxford.*

Oxford.

And please your majestie, here is my Lord Mayor, and the
Sheriffe of London, to speake with your majestie.

K. Henry 4.

Admit them to our presence.

Enter the L. Mayor, and the Sheriffe.

King.

Now my good Lord Mayor of London,
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tell you
of a matter which I have learned of my counsell: herein I
understand, that you have committed my sonne to prison
without our leave and license. What although he be a rude
youth, and likely to give occasion, yet you might have con-
sidered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be
halled to prison by every subject.

Mayor.

May it please your majestie to give us leave to tell our tale?

K. Henry 4.

Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an
unequall judge, having more affection to my sonne, then to
any rightfull judgement.

Mayor.

Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserve com-
mendations at your majesties hands, then any anger.

K. Henry 4.

Go to, say on.

Mayor.

Then if it please your majestie, this night betwixt two and
three of the clock in the morning my Lord the yong Prince
with a very disordred company, came to the old Taverne in
Eastcheape, and whether it was that their musick liked them
not,

not, or whether they were overcom with wine, I know not, but they drue their swords, and into the streete they went, and some took my L. the yong Princes part, and som tooke the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloudie fray for the space of halfe an houre, that neyther watchmen, nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of *London* and I were sent for, and at the last, with much ado we stayed them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your loving subjects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie us, whether we would do justice, or whether it were of their own voluntary will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in such a case we knew not what to doe, but for our owne safegard we sent him to ward, wher he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace and your majesties son. And thus most humbly beseeching your majesty to thinke of our answer.

Henry 4.

Stand aside untill we have further deliberated on your answer. [*Exit Maior.*]

Ah *Harry, Harry*, now thrice accursed *Harry*,
That hath gotten a sonne, which with grieve
Will end his fathers dayes.
O my sonne, a Prince thou art, *I* a Prince in deed,
And to deserve imprisonment,
And well they have done, and like faithfull subjects:
Discharge them and let them goe.

L. Exeter.

I beseech your grace be good to my Lorde the young Prince.

Henry 4.

Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

L. Oxford.

Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriffe have beene too precise in this matter.

Henry 4.

No, they have done like faithfull subjects,
I will goe my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Exit

Enter

*Enter lord Chiefe Justice, Clarke of the Office, Jayler, John
Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.*

Judge.

Jayler bring the prisoner to the barre.

Dericke.

Heare you my Lorde, I pray you bring the barre to the
prisoner.

Judge.

Hold thy hand up at the barre.

Theefe.

Here it is my Lord.

Judge.

Clarke of the office, reade his inditement.

Clarke.

What is thy name ?

Theefe.

My name was knowne before I came heere,
And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Judge.

I, I thinke so, but wee will know it better before thou goe.

Dericke.

Sownes and you doe but send to the next Jaile,
We are sure to know his name ;
For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

Clarke.

What is thy name ?

Theefe.

What need you to aske, and have it in writing ?

Clarke.

Is not thy name *Cutbert Cutter* ?

Theefe.

What the divell neede you aske, and know it so well ;

Clarke.

Why then *Cutbert Cutter*, I indite thee by the name of
Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20. day of May
last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our Sovereigne
Lord King *Henry* the fourth, for setting upon a poore carrier
upon Gads hil in Kent, and having beaten and wounded the
said carryer, and taken his goods from him.

Dericke.

Dericke.

Oh maisters stay there, nay lets never belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great race of Ginger, that bouncing *Besse* with the jolly buttocks should have had, that grieves me most.

Judge.

Well, what sayest thou, art thou guilty, or not guyltie?

Theefe.

Not guilty, my Lord.

Judge.

By whom wilt thou be tride?

Theefe.

By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe, whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Henry 5.

Come away my lads, gogs wounds ye villaine, what make you here? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

Theefe.

Why my Lord, they have bound mee, and will not let me go.

Henry 5.

Have they bound thee villain, why how now my Lord.

Judge.

I am glad to see your Grace in good health.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, this is my man,
Tis marvell you knew him not long before this,
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe.

I gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.

Judge.

Your Grace shall finde small credite by acknowledging him to be your man.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, what hath he done.

Judge.

And it please your majesty, he hath robbed a poore Carrier.

Dericke.

Dericke.

Heare you fir, marry it was one *Dericke*,
 Goodman *Hoblings* man of *Kent*.

Henry 5.

What, wast you button breech?
 Of my word my Lord, he did it but in jest.

Judge.

Heare you fir, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in jest?
 In faith he shall be hangde in earnest.

Henry 5.

Well my Lord, what doe you meane to do with my man?

Judge.

And please your Grace the law must passe on him, according to justice, then he must be executed.

Dericke.

Heare you fir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in jest? In faith he shall be hangd in jest.

Henry 5.

Well my Lord once againe, what meane you to doe with him?

Judge.

And please your Grace according to law and justice he must be hangd.

Henry 5.

Why then belike you meane to hang my man.

Judge.

I am sorry that it fals out so.

Henry 5.

Why my Lord, I pray yee who am I?

Judge.

And please your Grace, you are my L. the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soveraigne Lord, K. *Henry* the fourth, whom God grant long to raigne.

Henry 5.

You say true my Lord:
 And you will hang my man.

Judge.

And like your Grace, I must needs doe justice.

Henry 5.

Tell me my Lord, shall I have my man?

Judge.

Judge.
I cannot my Lord.

Henry 5.
But will you not let him goe?

Judge.
I am forry that his case is so ill.

Henry 5.
Tush, case me no casings, shal I have my man?

Judge.
I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

Henry 5.
Nay, and I shall not say, and then I am answered.

Judge.
No.

Henry 5.
No, then I will have him.

He giveth him a boxe on the eare.

Ned.
Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?

Henry 5.
No, I charge you draw not your swords,
But get you hence, provide a noyse of Musitians,
Away, be gone. *[Exeunt the Theefe.]*

Judge.
Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

Henry 5.
Nay and you be not, you shall have more.

Judge.
Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

Henry 5.
You, who knowes not you,
Why man, you are Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Judge.
Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me only but also your father: whose lively person here in this place I do represent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatives meane, I commit you to the Fleet, untill wee have spoken with your father.

Henry

Henry 5.

Why then belike you meane to send mee to the Fleete.

Judge.

I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

[*Exeunt Henry 5. with the Officers.*

Judge.

Jayler carry the prisoner to Newgate againe untill the next Sifes.

Jayler.

At your commandement my Lord it shall bee done.

Enter Dericke and John Cobler.

Dericke.

Sownds maisters, heres adoo,

When Princes must go to prison :

Why *John*, didst ever see the like ?

John.

O *Dericke*, trust me, I never saw the like.

Dericke.

Why *John* thou maist see what princes be in choller,
A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tell thee *John*, O *John*,
I would not have done it for twenty shillings.

John.

No nor I, there had beene no way but one with us.
We should have been hangde.

Dericke.

Faith *John*, Ile tell thee what, thou shalt bee my
Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thee a box on the ear
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatives
meane, I commit you to the Fleete.

John.

Come on. ile be your judge,
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

Dericke.

No, no.

John.

What hath he done ?

Dericke.

Marry he hath robd *Dericke*.

John.

Why then I cannot let him goe.

Dericke.

I must needes have my man.

John.

You shall not have him.

Dericke.

Shall I not have my man, say no and you dare:
How say you, shall I not have my man?

John.

No marry shall you not.

Dericke.

Shall I not *John*?

John.

No *Dericke*.

Dericke.

Why then take you that til more come,
Sownes, shall I not have him?

John.

Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you, who am I?

Dericke.

Who art thou, fownds, dost not know thy selfe?

John.

No.

Dericke.

Now away simple fellow,
Why man, thou art *John* the Cobler.

John.

No, I am my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Dericke.

Oh *John*, Masse thou sayst true, thou art indeed.

John.

Why then to teach you what prerogatives mean I com-
mit you to the Fleete.

Dericke.

Wel, I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knave, Ile course
you.

[Exit. And straight enters againe.]

Oh *John*, Com, come out of thy chair, why what a clown
weart thou, to let me hit thee a boxe on the eare, and now
thou

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thou seest they will not take mee to the Fleet, I thinke that thou art one of these worenday clownes.

John.

But I marvell what will become of thee?

Dericke.

Faith, ile be no more a carrier.

John.

What wilt thou then do?

Dericke.

Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

John.

With me, alasfe, I am not able to keepe thee,
Why thou wilt eate me out of dores.

Dericke.

Oh *John*, no *John*, I am none of these great slouching fellows that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and brewes, alasfe a trifle serues me, a woodcocke, a chicken, or a capons leg, or any such little thing serues me.

John.

A capon, why man I cannot get a capon once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house, for we coblers be glad of a dish of rootes.

Dericke.

Rootes, why are you so good at rooting?
Nay Cobler, weele have you ringde.

John.

But *Dericke* though we be so poore,
Yet will we have in store a crab in the fire,
With Nut-browne ale, that is full stale,
Which will a man quaile, and lay in the myre.

Dericke.

A hots on you, and be but for your ale,
Ile dwell with you, come lets away as fast as we can.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the young Prince with Ned and Tom.

Henry 5.

Come away sirs, Gogs wounds *Ned*,
Didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare
I tooke my Lord chiefe Justice?

Tom;

Tom.

By gogs blood it did me good to see it,
It made his teeth jarre in his head.

Enter Sir John Old-Castle.

Henry 5.

How now sir *John Old-Castle*?
What newes with you?

John Old-Castle.

I am glad to see your Grace at libertie,
I was come I, to visite you in Prison.

Henry 5.

To visite mee, didst thou not know that I am a Princes
sonne? why tis enough for me to looke into a prison, thogh
I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now a dayes,
heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the divell and
all: but I tell you sirs, when I am King, wee will have no
such things, but my lads, if the olde King my father were
dead, we would be all Kings.

John Old-Castle.

He is a good olde man, God take him to his mercie the
sooner.

Henry 5.

But *Ned*, so soone as I am King, the first thing I will doo,
shal be to put my Lord chiefe Justice out of office, and thou
shalt be my L. chiefe Justice of England.

Ned.

Shall I be Lord chiefe Justice?
By gogs wounds ile be the bravest Lord chiefe Justice
That ever was in England.

Henry 5.

Then *Ned*, ile turne all these prisons into fence-schooles,
and I will endue thee with them, with landes to maintaine
them withall, and then I will have about with my Lord chiefe
Justice, thou shalt hang none but pick-purses, and horse-
stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that
will stand by the high-way side couragiously, with his sword
and buckler, and take a purse, that fellowe give him com-
mendations: beside that, send him to mee, and I will give
him

Y

him an annuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

John.

Nobly spoken *Harry*, wee shall never have a merry world till the old King be dead.

Ned.

But whether are yee going now?

Henry 5.

To the court, for I heare say, my father lyes verie sicke.

Tom.

But I doubt he will not die.

Henry 5.

Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth, but I will clap the crowne on my head.

Jockey.

Will you goe to the court with that cloake so full of needles?

Henry 5.

Cloake, ilat-hoales, needles, and all was of mine owne devising, and therefore I will weare it.

Tom.

I pray you (my Lord,) what my bee the meaning thereof?

Henry 5.

Why man, tis a signe that I stand uppon thornes, till the crowne be on my head.

Jockey.

Or that every needle might be a pricke to theyr hearts that repine at your doings.

Henry 5.

Thou sayst true *Jockey*, but theres some will say, the young Prince will bee a well-toward young-man, and all this geare, that I had as leewe they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but wee stand prating here too long: I must needs speake with my father, therefore come away.

Porter.

What a rapping keepe you at the Kings courte gate?

Henry 5.

Heres one that must speake with the King.

Porter.

Porter.

The King is very sicke, and none must speake with him.

Henry 5.

No you rascall, do you not know me.

Porter.

You are my Lord the young Prince.

Henry.

Then go and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

Ned.

Shall I cut off his head.

Henry 5.

No, no, though I would helpe you in other places: yet I have nothing to doo here, what you are in my fathers court.

Ned.

I will write him in my tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Justice, I will put him out of his office.

*[The Trumpet sounds.]**Henry 5.*

Gogs wounds firs, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Lord of Exeter.**Henry 4.*

And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is already sent to the Fleet: now truly that man is more fitter to rule the realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my son, and see by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other. I had thought one whiles I had lived, to have seene this noble realm of England flourish by thee my son, but now I see it goes to ruine and decay.

*[He weepes.]**Enters Lord of Oxford.**Oxford.*

A d please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,
That commeth to speake with you,
He sayth he must and will speake with you.

Henry 4.

Who my sonne Harry?

Y 2

Oxford.

*Oxford.**I and please your majestie.**Henry 4.**I know wherefore he commeth,
But looke that none come with him.**Oxford.**A very disordered companie, and such as make
Very ill rule in your majesties house.**Henry 4.**Well, let him come,
But looke that none come with him.**[He goeth.]**Oxford.**And please your Grace,
My Lord the King sends for you.**Henry 5.**Come away sirs, lets goe all together.**Oxford.**And please your grace none must goe with you.**Henry 5.**Why, I must needs have them with me,
Otherwise I can doo my father no countenance,
Therefore come away.**Oxford.**The King your father commaunds
There should none come.**Henry 5.**Well sirs, then be gone,
And provide me three noyse of musitians.* *[Exeunt Knights.]**Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.**Henry 4.**Come my sonne, come on a Gods name,
I know wherefore thy comming is,
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath ever bene,
That thou shouldst forsake mee, and followe this vilde and
Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly :
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Will end thy fathers dayes.* *[He weeps.]*
*I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence
of thy sicke father, in that disguised sort, I tell thee my sonne,
that*

that there is never a needle in thy cloke, but it is a pricke to my heart, and never an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to my scule: and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hand I know not, but by conjecture. [*He weepes.*]

Henry 5.

My conscience accuseth me, most soveraigne Lord, and welbeloved father, to answer first to the last poynt, That is, whereas you conjecture that this hand and this dagger shall be arme against your life: no, know my beloved father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne saide I, an unworthy sonne for so good a father: but far be the thoughts of any such pretended mischief: and I most humbly render it to your majesties hand, and live my Lord and soveraigne for ever: and with your dagger arme show like vengeance upon the body of that your sonne, I was about say, and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde slave, tis not the Crownè that I come for, sweete Father, because I am unworthy, and those wilde and reprobate companions I abandon, and utterly abolish their company for ever. Pardon sweet father, pardon, the least thing and most desire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my back, and sacrifice it to the divell, which is master of all mischief: pardon me, sweet father, pardon me: good my Lord of *Exeter*, speake for me: pardon me, pardon, good father: not a word: ah he will not speake one word: A *Harry*, now thrice unhappy *Harry*. But what shall I doe: I will go take mee into some solitary place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when I have done, I will lay me downe and die. [*Exit.*]

Henry 4.

Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

Henry 5.

And doth my father call me againe? Now, *Harry*, Happy be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Henry 4.

Stand up my sonne, and do not thinke thy father But at the request of thee my sonne, I will pardon thee, And God blesse thee, and make thee his servant.

Henry 5.

Thanks good my Lord, and no doubt but this day, Even this day, I am borne new againe.

Y 3

Henry

Henry 4.

Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]*Enter Dericke.**Dericke.*Thou art a stinking whore, and a whorson stinking whore,
Dost thou think it ile take it at thy hands?*Enter John Cobler running.**John.**Dericke, D. D. Hearesta,*
DOD, never while thou livest use that,
Why what will my neighbours say, and thou go away so?*Dericke.*Shees a narrant whore, and ile have the law on you *John.**John.*

Why what hath she done?

*Dericke.*Marry marke thou *John,*
I will prove 'it that I will.*John.*

What wilt thou prove?

Dericke.

That she cald me in to dinner.

John, marke the tale well *John,* and when I was set
She brought me a dish of roots, and a peece of barell butter
therein: and she is a very knave,
And thou a drab if thou take her part.*John.*Hearesta *Dericke,* is this the matter?
Nay, and it be no worse, we will go home again,
And all shall be amended.*Dericke.*Oh *John,* hearesta *John,* is all well?*John.*

I, all is well.

*Dericke.*Then ile go home before, and breake all the glasse-
windowes.

Enter the King with his Lords.

Henry 4.

Come my Lords, I see it boots mee not to take any physike, for all the Physitians in the world cannot cure mee, no not one. But good my Lords, remember my last Will and Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my Lords, I do not thinke but he will prove as valiant and victorious a King, as ever raigned in England.

Both.

Let heaven and earth be witnesse betweene us, if wee accomplish not thy will to the uttermost.

Henry 4.

I give you most unfained thanks, good my Lords,
Draw the curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cause some musicke to rocke me a sleepe. *[He sleeps.]*
[Exeunt Lords.]

Enter the Prince.

Henry 5.

Ah *Harry*, thrice unhappy, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I will goe, nay but why doe I not goe to the chamber of my sicke father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his body, his soule said I, heere is his body, but his soule is, wheras it needs no bodie. Now thrice accursed *Harry*, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I crave pardon for all. Oh my dying father curst be the day wherein I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherein I was begotten, but what shall I doe? if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I will weepe day and night untill the fountaine be drie with weeping. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.

Exeter.

Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.

Henry 4.

Now my Lords.

Oxford.

How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

Y 4

Henry.

Henry 4.

Somewhat better after my sleepe,
 But good my Lord take off my crowne,
 Remove my chayre a little backe, and set me right.

Ambo.

And please your grace the crown is taken away.

Henry 4.

The crowne taken away,
 Good my Lord of *Oxford*, go see who hath done this deed:
 No doubt tis some wilde traytor that hath done it,
 To deprive my sonne, they that would doe it now,
 Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

Oxford.

Here and please your Grace,
 Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

Henry 4.

Why how now my sonne,
 I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
 I had given you a lesson for all,
 And do you now begin againe?
 Why tell me my sonne,
 Doeſt thou thinke the time so long,
 That thou wouldest have it before the
 Breath be out of my mouth.

Henry 5.

Most soveraigne Lord, and welbeloved father,
 I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy
 Soule of your body, and finding you at that time
 Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,
 God is my witnesse, and what should I doo,
 But with weeping teares lament the death of you my father,
 And after that, seeing the crowne I tooke it:
 And tell me my father, who might better take it then I,
 After your death, but seeing you live,
 I most humbly render it into your majesties hands,
 And the happiest man alive, that my father live;
 And live my Lord and father for ever.

Henry.

Henry.

Stand up my sonne,
Thine answere hath founded well in mine eares,
For I must needs confesse that I was in a very sound sleepe,
And altogether unmindfull of thy coming:
But come neare my sonne,
And let mee put thee in possession whilst I live,
That none deprive thee of it after my death.

Henry 5.

Well may I take it at your majesties hands,
But it shal never touch my head, so long as my father lives.
[*He taketh the crowne.*

Henry 4.

God give thee joy my sonne,
God blesse thee, and make thee his servant,
And send thee a prosperous raigne.
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I have maintained it.

Henry 5.

Howsoever you came by it, I know not,
And now I have it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:
And he that seekes to take the crown from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,
Where it harder then brasle or bollion.

Henry 4.

Nobly spoken, and like a King.
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As ever raigned in *England*.

L. Ambo.

His former life shewes no lesse.

Henry 4.

Well my lords I know not whether it be for sleep,
Or drawing neare of drowfie summer of death,
But I am very much given to sleepe,
Therefore good my lords and my sonne,
Draw the curtaines, depart my chamber,
And cause some musicke to rocke me asleepe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*
[*The King dyeth.*

Enter

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe.

Ah God, I am now much like to a byrd.
Which hath escaped out of the cage,
For so soone as my Lord Chiefe Justice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the young Prince :
But here comes some of his companions,
I will see and I can get any thing of them,
For olde acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom.

Gogs wounds the King is dead.

Jockey.

Dead, then gogs blood, wee shall be all kings.

Ned.

Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord Chiefe Justice of *England.*

Tom.

Why, how are you broken out of prison ?

Ned.

Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes ?

Jockey.

Why what will become of thee now ?

Fye upon him, how the rascall stinkes.

Theefe.

Marry I will goe and serve my maister againe.

Tom.

Gogs blood, doest think that he will have any such
Scabd knave as thou art ? What man he is a king now.

Ned.

Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,
And get thee gone, for the King will not be long
Before he come this way :

And hereafter I will tell the King of thee.

[*Exit Theefe.*]

Jockey.

Oh how it did me good to see the King
When he was crowned.

Me thought his seate was like the figure of heaven,
And his person like unto a God.

Ned.

Ned.

But who would have thought
That the King would have chang'de his countenance so?

Jockey.

Did you not see with what grace
He sent his embassage into *France*, to tell the *French* king
That *Harry* of *England* hath sent for the crowne,
And *Harry* of *England* will have it.

Tom.

But twas but a little to make the people believe,
That hee was forrie for his fathers death.

[*The trumpets sound.*]

Ned.

Gogs wounds, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Archbishop and the Lord of Oxford.

Jockey.

How doo you my Lord?

Ned.

How now *Harry*?

Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,
You are a King, and all the Realme is yours :
What man ? do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord Chiefe Justice of *England*.
Trust mee my Lord, me thinks you are very much changed :
And 'tis but with a little forrowing, to make folkes believe
The death of your father grieves you,
And 'tis nothing so.

Henry 5.

I prethee *Ned* mend thy manners,
And be more modester in thy tearmes,
For my unfeined grieve is not to be ruled by thy flattering
And dissembling talke, thou sayest I am changed,
So I am indeed, and so must thou be and that quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be changed.

Jockey.

Gogs wounds how like you this ?
Sownds, tis not so sweet as musicke.

Tom.

I trust we have not offended your Grace no way.

Henry

Henry 5.

Ah *Tom*, your former life grieves me,
And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever,
And therefore not upon pain of death to approach my presence
By ten miles space, then if I heare well of you,
It may bee I will doe somewhat for you,
Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands,
Then at any other mans : and therefore be gone,
We have other matters to talke on. [*Exeunt Knights.*
Now my good Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
What say you to our embassage into *France*?

Archbishop.

Your right to the French crowne of *France*,
Came by your great grandmother *Izabel*,
Wife to king *Edward* the third,
And sister to *Charles* the French King :
Now if the French King deny it, as likely he will,
Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right.
Let the usurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessors have let it passe, you will not :
For your Countreymen are willing with purse and men,
To ayde you.
Then my good Lord, as it hath been alwayes knowne,
That *Scotland* hath been in league with *France*,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therefore best to conquere *Scotland*,
And then I thinke that you may go more easily into *France* :
And this is all that I can say, my good Lord.

Henry 5.

I thanke you, my good L. Archbishop of *Canterbury*.
What say you, my good Lord of *Oxford*?

Oxford.

And please your Majestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbyshop, saving in this,
He that will *Scotland* winne, must first with *France* beginne :
According to the old saying.
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to invade *France*,
For in conquering *Scotland*, you conquer but one.
And conquere *France*, and conquere both.

Enter

Enter Lord of Exceter.

Exeter.

And pleese your Majesty.

Henry 5.

Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resolve us of our answer,
Commit him to our presence.

Enter Duke of Yorke.

Yorke.

God save the life of my soveraigne Lord the King.

Henry 5.

Now my good Lord the duke of *Yorke*,
What newes from our brother the French king?

Yorke.

And please your Majestie,
I delivered him my embassage,
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,
But for the answer he hath sent
My Lord Embassador of *Burges*, the Duke of *Burgony*,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
To bring the embassage.

Henry 5.

Commit my Lord Archbyshop of *Burges* unto our presence.

Enter Archbyshop of Burges.

Henry 5.

Now my Lord Archbyshop of *Burges*,
We doe learne by our Lord Embassador,
That you have our message to doo
From our brother the French king:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We give you free libertie and license to speake,
With good audience.

Archbyshop.

God save the mighty king of *England*,
My Lord and Master, the most Christian King,
Charles the seventh, the great and mighty king of *France*,
As a most noble and Christian king,

Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
 To yeeld somewhat to your unreasonable demaunds,
 That if fifty thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter
 The sayde Lady *Katheren*, in marriage,
 And some crownes which he may well spare,
 Not hurting of his kingdome,
 He is content to yeeld so far to your unreasonable desire.

Henry 5.

Why then belike your Lord and Master,
 Thinkes to puffle me up with fifty thousand crowns a yere :
 No, tell thy Lord and Master,
 That all the crownes in *France* shall not serve me,
 Except the crowne and kingdome it selfe :
 And perchance hereafter I will have his daughter.

Archbysshop.

And it please your Majesty,
 My Lord Prince *Dolphin* greetes you well,
 With this present.

[*He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.*

Henry 5.

What a gilded tunne ?
 I pray you my Lord of *Torke*, looke what is in it.

Torke.

And it please your Grace,
 Here is a Carpet, and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Henry 5.

A tunne of tennis balles ?
 I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
 What might the meaning thereof be ?

Archbysshop.

And it please you my Lord,
 A messenger you know ought to keepe close his message,
 And specially an embassador.

Henry 5.

But I know that you may declare your message
 To a king, the law of armes allowes no lesse.

Archbysshop.

My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before your
 Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,

Meaning

Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Campe.

Henry 5.

My L. Prince *Dolphin* is very pleasant with me :
But tell him, that in steed of balles of leather,
We will tossie him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea, such balles, as never were tost in *France*,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it,
I, and thou Prince of *Burges* shall rue it.
Therefore get thee hence, and tell him thy message quickly
Least I be there before thee : Away priest, be gone.

Archbishop.

I beseech your Grace, to deliver mee your safe
Conduct under your broad seale Emanuel.

Henry 5.

Priest of *Burges*, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in stead of my hand and seale,
I will bring him my hand and sword.
And tell thy Lord and Master, that I *Harry* of *England* said it.
And I *Harry* of *England*, will performe it.
My Lord of *Yorke*, deliver him our safe conduct,
Under our broad seale Emanuel.

[Exeunt Archbishop and the Duke of Yorke.]

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heaven and earth, that the proudest
French man in all *France* shall rue the time that ever
These tennis balles were sent into *England*.
My Lord, I wil that there be provided a great navy of ships
With all speed, at *South-Hampton*.
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I would be there before him, if it were possible,
Therefore come; but stay,
I had almost forgot the chiefeest thing of all, with chasing
With this French embassadour.
Call in my Lord Chiefe Justice of *England*.

Enter Lord Chiefe Justice of England.

Exeter.

Here is the King, my Lord.

Justice.

Justice.

God preserve your Majesty.

Henry 5.

Why how now my Lord, what is the matter?

Justice.

I would it were unknowne to your Majesty.

Henry 5.

Why what ayle you?

Justice.

Your Majesty knoweth my grieve well.

Henry 5.

Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleet, did you not.

Justice.

I trust your Grace hath forgotten that.

Henry 5.

I truly my Lord, and for revengement,
 I have chosen you to be my Protector over my realme,
 Untill it shall please God to give me speedy returne
 Out of *France*.

Justice.

And if it please your Majesty, I am farre unworthy
 Of so high a dignity.

Henry 5.

Tut my Lord, you are not unworthy,
 Because I thinke you worthy:
 For you that would not spare me,
 I thinke will not spare another.
 It must needs be so, and therefore come,
 Let us be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

*[Exeunt.]**Enter a Captaine, John Cobler and his Wife.**Captaine.*

Come, come, there is no remedy,
 Thou must needs serve the King.

John.

Good master Captaine let me goe,
 I am not able to go so farre.

Wife.

I pray you good master Captaine,
 Be good to my husband.

Captaine.

Captaine.

Why I am sure he is not too good to serve the King :

John.

Alasse no : but a great deale too bad,
Therefore I pray you let me go.

Captaine.

No, no, thou shalt go.

John.

Oh sir, I have a great many shooes at home for to cobble.

Wife.

I pray you let him goe home againe.

Captaine.

Tush I care not, thou shalt goe.

Wife.

Oh wife, and you had been a loving wife to mee,
This had not been, for I have sayd many times,
That I would goe away, and now I must goe
Against my will.

*[Hee weepeth,**Enters Dericke.**Dericke.*

How now ho, *Basilus manus*, for an old codpeece,
Master Captaine shall we away :
Sowndes how now *John*, what a crying,
What make you and my dame there ?
I marvell whose head you will throw the stooles at,
Now we are gone.

Wife.

Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,
What doe you with my potlid ? heare you,
Will you have it rapt about your pate ?

*[She beateth him with her potlid.**Dericke.*

Oh good dame. *[Here he shakes her.*
And I had my dagger here, I would worie you all to peeces
That I would.

Wife.

Would you so, Ile trie that.

*[She beateth him.**Dericke.*

Master Captaine will yee suffer her ?
Goe too dame, I will goe backe as farre as I can,

*Z.**But*

But and you come againe,
 Ile clap the Law on your backe thats flat :
 Ile tell you Master Captaine what you shall doe ;
 Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,
 She wil doe as much good as her husband and I too.

Enters the Theefe.

Sownes, who comes yonder ?

Captaine.

How now good fellow, doest thou want a Master ?

Theefe.

I truly fir.

Captaine.

Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,
 To serve the King in *France*.

Dericke.

How now Gads, what doest, knowest, thinkest ?

Theefe.

I, I knew thee long agoe.

Dericke.

Heare you maister Captaine ?

Captaine.

What sayst thou ?

Dericke.

I pray you let me goe home againe.

Captaine.

Why what woldst thou doe at home ?

Dericke.

Marry I have brought two shirts with me,
 And I would carry one of them home againe,
 For I am sure heele steale it from me,
 He is such a filching fellow.

Captaine.

I warrant thee hee will not steale it from thee,
 Come lets away.

Dericke.

Come maister Captaine lets away,
 Come follow me.

John.

Come Wife, lets part lovingly.

Wife.

Wife.

Farewell good husband.

Dericke.

Fye what a kissing and crying is here?

Sownes, do ye thinke he will never come againe?

Why *John* come away, doest thinke that we are so base

Minded to die among Frenchmen?

Sownes, we know not whether they will lay

Us in their Church or no: Come, M. Captaine, lets away.

Captaine.

I cannot stay no longer, therefore come away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]*Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord High Constable of France.**King.*

Now my Lord High Constable,

What say you to our Embassage into *England*?*Constable.*

And it please your Majestie, I can say nothing,

Untill my Lords Embassadors be come home,

But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,

To get your men in so good a readinesse,

For feare of the worst.

King.

I my Lord we have some in a readinesse,

But if the King of *England* make against us,

We must have thrice so many moe.

*Dolphin.*Tut my Lord, although the King of *England* be

Young and wilde headed, yet never thinke hee will be so

Unwise to make battell against the mightie King of

*France.**King.*Oh my sonne, although the King of *England* be

Young and wilde headed, yet never thinke but he is rulde

By his wife Councillors.

*Enter Archbysshop of Burges.**Archbysshop.*

God save the life of my soveraigne lord the King.

Z 2

King.

King.

Now my good Lord Archbishop of *Burges*,
What newes from our brother the English King?

Archbysshop.

And please your Majestie,
He is so far from your expectation,
That nothing will serve him but the Crowne
And Kingdome it selfe; besides, he bad me haste quickly,
Least hee be there before mee, and so farre as I heare
He hath kept promise: for they say he is already landed
At *Kidcocks* in *Normandie*, upon the River of *Sene*,
And layd his siege to the Garrison Towne of *Harflew*.

King.

You have made great haste in the meane time,
Have you not?

Dolbin.

I pray you my Lord, how did the King of
England take my presents?

Archbysshop.

Truely my Lord, in very ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tolse you balles of brasse and yron.
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
Hee is such a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

Constable.

Tush, we will make him as tame as a lambe,
I warrant you.

*Enters a Messenger.**Messenger.*

God save the mightie King of *France*.

King.

Now Messenger, what newes?

Messenger.

And it please your Majestie
I come from your poore distressed Towne of *Harflew*,
Which is so beset on every side,
If your Majestie doe not send present ayde,
The Towne will be yeilded to the *English King*.

King.

King.

Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
 Till our Countrey be spoyled under our noses?
 My Lords, let the *Normans*, *Brabants*, *Pickardies*,
 And *Danes*, be sent for with all speede:
 And you my Lord High Constable, I make Generall
 Over all my whole Armie.
Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,
Signior Devens, and the rest, at your appointment.

Dolphin.

I trust your Majestie will bestow,
 Some part of the battell on mee,
 I hope not to present any otherwife then well.

King.

I tell thee my sonne,
 Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,
 I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
 And the *Englishmen* to have the victorie.

Dolphin.

Why my Lord and Father,
 I would have the pettie King of *England* to know,
 That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King.

I know well my sonne,
 But at this time I will have it thus:
 Therefore come away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]*Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lordes.**Henry 5.*

Come my Lords of *England*,
 No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne
 Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.
 But good my Lord, go and speak to the Captaines
 With all speed, to number the hoast of the French men.
 And by that meanes we may the better know
 How to appoint the battell.

Forke.

And it please your Majesty,
 There are many of your men sicke and diseased,
 And many of them die for want of victuals.

Z 3

Henry

Henry 5.

And why did you not tell me of it before?
 If we cannot have it for money,
 We will have it by dint of sword.
 The law of armes allow no lesse.

Oxford.

of I beseech yur grace, to grant me a boone.

Henry 5.

What is that my good Lord?

Oxford.

That your grace would give me the Evantgard in the battell,

Henry 5.

Trust me my Lord of *Oxford* I cannot:
 For I have already given it to my unckle the Duke of *Yorke*,
 Yet I thanke you for your good will. [*A Trumpet sounds,*
 How now, what is that?

Yorke.

I thinke it be some Herald of armes.

*Enters a Herald.**Herald.*

King of *England*, my Lord High Constable,
 And others of the Noble men of *France*,
 Sends me to desie thee, as open enemy to God,
 Our Countrey, and us, and hereupon,
 They presently bid thee battell.

Henry 5.

Herald, tell them, that I desie them,
 As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
 And as wrongful usurpers of my right:
 And whereas thou sayest they presently bid me battell,
 Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:
 But I pray thee what place hath my Lord Prince *Dolphin*
 Here in battell.

Herald.

And it please your Grace,
 My Lord and King his father
 Will not let him come into the field.

Henry 5.

Why then he doth me great injury,
 I thought that he and I shuld have plaid at tennis together,
 Therefore

Therefore I have brought tennis balles for him,
 But other manner of ones then he sent me.
 And Herald, tell my Lord Prince *Dolphin*,
 That I have inured my hands with other kind of weapons
 Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
 And that he shall finde it, ere it be long,
 And so adue my friend :
 And tell my Lord that I am ready when he will. [*Exit Herald.*
 Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
 And ile see the number of the French army my selfe.
 Strike up the drumme. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter French Souldiers.

1 *Souldier.*

Come away Jacke Drummer, come away all,
 And me will tell you, what me will doo,
 Me will tro one chance on the dice,
 Who shall have the king of *England* and his Lords.

2 *Souldier.*

Come away Jacke Drummer,
 And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

Enter Drummer.

Drummer.

Oh the brave apparrell that the English mans
 Hay broth over, I will tell you what
 Me ha done, me ha provided a hundreth trunkes,
 And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1 *Souldier.*

What doe you meane by trunkea ?

2 *Souldier.*

A sheft man, a hundred shefts.

1 *Souldier.*

Awee, awee, awee, Me will tell you what,
 Me ha put five shildren out of my house,
 And all too little to put the fine apparrell of the
 English mans in.

Drummer.

Oh the brave the brave apparrell that wee shall have anon,
 but come, and you shall see what me will tro at the Kings
 Drummer and Fife.

Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3 *Souldier.*

Faith me will tro at the Earle of *Northumberland*
And my Lord a *Willowbie*, with his great horse,
Snorting, farting, oh brave horse.

1 *Souldier.*

Ha, bur Lady you ha reasonable good lucke,
Now I will tro at the King himselfe,
Ha, me have no good lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

Captaine.

How now what make you here,
So farre from the campe?

2 *Souldier.*

Shal me tell our captain, what we have done here.

Drummer.

Awee, awee.

[Exeunt Drum and one Souldier.]

2 *Souldier.*

I will tell you what we have done,
We have been troing on shance on the dice,
But none can win the King.

Captaine.

I thinke so, why he is left behind for mee
And I have set three or foure chaire makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly King of
England in, that all the people may laugh and scoffe at him.

2 *Souldier.*

O brave Captaine.

Captaine.

I am glad and yet with a kind of pittie,
To see the poore King.

Who ever saw a more flourishing armie in *France* in one
day then here is. Are not here all the Peeres of *France*:
Are not here the Normans with their fierie hand Gunnes,
and slaunching Curtleaxes.

Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses, and lanch-
ing speares?

Are not here Pickardes with their Crosbows and piercing Darts?
The Henves with their cutting Glaves, and sharpe Carbuckles?
Are not here the Lance Knights of *Burgundie*?

And

And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs ?
 Why take an English man out of his warme bed,
 And his stale drinke but one moneth,
 And alasse, what will become of him ?
 But give the Frenchman a Reddish root,
 And he will live with it all the days of his life.

[Exit.

2 Souldier.

Oh the brave apparrell that we shall have of the English mans.

[Exit.

Enters the King of England, and his Lords.

Henry 5.

Come my Lords and fellowes of Armes,
 What company is there of the French men ?

Oxford.

And it please your Majesty,
 Our Captaines have numbred them,
 And so neare as they can judge,
 They are about threescore thousand horsemen,
 And forty thousand footmen.

Henry 5.

They threescore thousand,
 And we but two thousand.
 They threescore thousand footmen,
 And we twelve thousand.
 They are a hundred thousand,
 And we forty thousand, ten to one.
 My Lords and loving Countrey men,
 Though we be few, and they many,
 Feare not, your quarrell is good, and God will defend you :
 Plucke up your hearts, for this day we shall eyther have
 A valiant victory, or an honourable death.
 Now my Lords, I will that my uncle the Duke of *York*,
 Have the avantgard in the battell.
 The Earle of *Darby*, the Earle of *Oxford*,
 The Earle of *Kent*, the Earle of *Nottingham*,
 The Earle of *Huntington*, I will have beside the army,
 That they may come fresh upon them.
 And I my selfe with the Duke of *Bedford*,
 The Duke of *Clarence*, and the Duke of *Gloster*,
 Will be in the midst of the battell.

Furthermore,

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Furthermore, I will that my Lord of *Willowbie*,
 And the Earl of *Northumberland*,
 With their troupes of horsemen, be continually running like
 wings on both sides of the army:
 My Lord of *Northumberland*, on the left wing.
 Then I will that every archer provide him a stake of a tree, and
 sharpe it at both ends.
 And at the first encounter of the horsemen,
 To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them,
 That they may gore themselves upon them,
 And then to recoyle backe, and shoot wholly altogether.
 And so discomfite them.

Oxford.

And it please your Majesty,
 I will take that in charge, if your Grace be therewith content.

Henry 5.

With all my heart, my good Lord of *Oxford*.
 And go and provide quickly.

Oxford.

I thanke your Highnesse.

[*Exit,*

Henry 5.

Well my Lords, our battels are ordayned,
 And the French making bonfires, and at their banquets,
 But let them looke, for I meane to set upon them.

[*The Trumpet sounds.*

Soft, here comes some other French message.

Enters Herauld.

Herald.

King of *England*, my Lord High Constable,
 And other of my Lords, considering the poor estate of thee
 And thy poore Countrey men,
 Sends me to know what thou wilt give for thy ransome?
 Perhaps thou mayest agree better cheape now,
 Then when thou art conquered.

Henry 5.

Why then belike your High Constable,
 Sends to know what I will give for my Ransome?
 Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of Tennis-balls,
 No not so much as one poore Tennis-ball:
 Rather shall my body lie dead in the Field to feed crowes,

Then

Then ever *England* shall pay one penny ranfome
For my bodie.

Herald.

A Kingly resolution.

Henry 5.

No Herald, tis a Kingly resolution,
And the resolution of a King :
Here take this for thy paines.
But stay my Lords, what time is it ?

[*Exit Herald.*

All.

Prime my Lord.

Henry 5.

Then it is good time no doubt,
For all *England* prayeth for us :
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully upon me ?
Why then with one voyce, and like true English hearts,
With me throw up your caps. and for *England*.
Crie S. George, and God and S. George helpe us.

[*Strike Drummes. Exeunt omnes.*

¶ *The French-men cry within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount,
Joy, Saint Dennis.*

The Battell.

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Henry 5.

Come my Lords, come, by this time our
Swords are almost drunke with French blood,
But my Lordes, which of you can tell me how many of our
Armie be flaine in the Battell ?

Oxford.

And it please your Majestie,
There are of the French Armie flaine,
Above ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing Banners :
Besides, all the Nobilitie of *France* are taken prisoners.
Of your Majestie Armie, are flaine none but the good
Duke of *Yorke*, and not above five or sixe and twentie
Common souldiours.

Henry 5.

For the good Duke of *Yorke* my Unckle,
I am heartily sorrie, and greatly lament his misfortune,

Yet

Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath given us,
Doth make me much rejoyce. But stay,
Here comes another French message. [*Sound Trumpet.*

Enters a Herald, and kneeleth.

Herald.

God save the life of the most mightie Conqueror,
The honourable King of *England*?

Henry 5.

Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now : what ? I am sure it is a great disgrace for a
Herald to kneele to the King of *England*.
What is thy message ?

Herald.

My Lord and Maister, the conquered King of *France*
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Henry 5.

Herald his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health :
Well Herald, say on.

Herald.

He hath sent me to desire your Majestie,
To give him leave to goe into the field to view his poore
Countrey-men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Henry 5.

Why Herald, doth thy Lord and Master
Send to me to bury the dead,
Let him bury them a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord High Constable,
And those that would have had my ransome ?

Herald.

And it please your Majestie,
He was slaine in the battell.

Henry 5.

Why you may see, you will make your selves
Sure before the victory be wonne : but Herald,
What Castle is this, so neere adjoyning to our Campe ?

Herald.

And it please your Majestie,
Tis calde the Castle of *Agincourt*.

Henry

Henry 5.

Well then my Lords of *England*,
For the more honour of our Englishmen,
I will that this be for ever cald the battell of *Agincourt*.

Herald.

And it please your Majesty,
I have a further message to deliver to your Majesty.

Henry 5.

What is that, Herald? say on.

Herald.

And it please your Majesty, my Lord and Master,
Craves to parley with your Majesty.

Henry 5.

With a good will, so some of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trechery and treason.

Herald.

Your Grace needs not to doubt that.

[*Exit Herald.*]

Henry 5.

Well, tell him then I will come.

Now my Lords, I will goe into the field my selfe,
To view my Countrey men, and to have them honourably
buried, for the French King shall never surpasse me in curtesie,
whiles I am *Harry* King of England.

Come on my Lords.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter John Cobler, and Robin Pewterer.

Robin.

Now, *John Cobler*,
Didst thou see how the King did behave himselfe?

John.

But *Robin*, didst thou see what a policy
The King had, to see how the French men were kilde
With the stakes of the trees.

Robin.

I *John*, there was a brave policie.

Enters an English Souldier roming.

Souldier.

What are you my masters?

Both.

Why we be Englishmen.

Souldier.

Are you English men, then change your language,
For all the Kings tents are set a fire,
And all they that speake English will be kilde.

John.

What shall we do *Robin*, faith ile shift,
For I can speake broken French.

Robin.

Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speake?

John.

Commedevales Monsieur.

Robin.

Thats well, come lets be gone. [*Drum and Trumpets sound.*

Enter Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner.

Dericke.

O good *Mounser.*

French-man.

Come, come, you *villcaco.*

Dericke.

O I will fir, I will.

Frenchman.

Come quickly you *pesant.*

Dericke.

I will fir, what shall I give you?

Frenchman.

Marry thou shalt give me,
One, to, tre, foure hundred Crownes.

Dericke.

Nay fir, I will give you more,
I will give you as many crownes as will lye on your sword.

Frenchman.

Wilt thou give me as many crownes
As will lye on my sword?

Dericke.

I marrie will I, I but you must lay downe your
Sword, or else they will not lye on your sword.

[*Here the Frenchman layes downe his Sword, and the Crowne takes it up, and hurles him downe.*

Dericke.

Dericke.

Thou villaine, darest thou looke up?

*Frenchman.*O good *Monseigneur compartere.**Monseigneur*, pardon me.*Dericke.*

O you villaine, now you lye at my mercy,
 Doeſt thou remember ſince thou lambſt me in thy ſhort el?
 O villaine, now I will ſtrike off thy head.

*[Here while he turnes his backe, the Frenchman runnes his wayes.]**Dericke.*

What is he gone, maſſe I am glad of it,
 For if he had ſtaid, I was afraid he would have ſturd againe
 And then I ſhould have beene ſpilt,
 But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

*Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.**Henry 5.*

Now my good brother of *France*,
 My coming into this land was not to ſhed bloud,
 But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
 I am content peaceably to leave my ſiege,
 And to depart out of your land.

Charles.

What is your demaund,
 My loving brother of *England*?

Henry 5.

My Secretary hath it written, read it.

Secretary.

Item, that immediately *Henry* of *England*
 Be crowned King of *France*.

Charles.

A very hard ſentence,
 My good brother of *England*.

*Henry 5.*No more but right, my good brother of *France*.*French King.*

Well, read on.

Secretary.

Item, that after the death of the ſaid *Henry*,
 The Crowne remaine to him and his heyres for ever.

French King.

Why then you doe not onely meane to dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

Henry 5.

Why my good brother of *France*,
You have had it long inough :
And as for Prince *Dolphin*,
It skils not though he sit beside the saddle :
Thus I have set it downe, and thus it shall be.

French King.

You are very peremptory,
My good brother of *England*.

Henry 5.

And you as perverse, my good brother of *France*.

Charles.

Why then belike all that I have here is yours.

Henry 5.

I even as farre as the kingdom of *France* reaches.

Charles.

I for by this hote beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

Henry 5.

It is as you please, here is my resolution.

Charles.

Well my brother of *England*,
If you will give me a copy,
We will meet you againe to morrow.

*[Exit King of France, and all their attendants.]**Henry 5.*

With a good will my good brother of *France*,
Secretary deliver him a Copie,
My Lords of *England* goe before,
And I will follow you.

*[Exeunt Lords.]**Henry 5.**[Speakes to himselfe.]*

Ah *Harry*, thrice unhappy *Harry*,
Hast thou now conquerd the French King,
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke her love,
Which hast fought to win her fathers Crowne?

Her

OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:
 I but I love her, and must crave her,
 Nay I love her, and will have her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

But here shee comes:
 How now fayre Lady *Katheren* of *France*,
 What newes?

Katheren.

And it please your Majesty,
 My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
 Unreasonable demands, which you require.

Henry 5.

Now trust me *Kate*,
 I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
 For none in the world could sooner have made me debate it,
 If it were possible:
 But tell me sweet *Kate*, canst thou tell how to love.

Kate.

I cannot hate my good Lord,
 Therefore farre unfit were it for me to love.

Henry 5.

Tush *Kate*, but tell me in plaine termes,
 Canst thou love the King of *England*?
 I cannot doe as these Countries doe,
 That spend halfe their time in wooing:
 Tush wench, I am none such.
 But wilt thou go over to *England*?

Kate.

I would to God, that I had your Majesty,
 As fast in love, as you have my father in warres,
 I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
 Untill you had related all these unreasonable demaunds.

Henry 5.

Tush *Kate*, I know thou wouldst not use mee so hardly:
 but tell me, canst thou love the King of *England*?

Kate.

How should I love him, that hath dealt so hardly with my
 father?

A a

Henry

3 THE FAMOUS VICTORIES.

Henry 5.

But ile deale as easly with thee,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue require,
How sayst thou, what will it be?

Kate.

If I were of my owne direction,
I could give you anfwere:
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,
I must first know his will.

Henry 5.

But shall I have thy good will in the mean season?

Kate.

Whereas I can put your Grace in no assurance,
I would be loath to put your Grace in any despayre.

Henry 5.

Now before God, it is a sweet wench.

[She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.]

Kate.

I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,
That is beloved of the mightie king of *England*.

Henry 5.

Well *Kate*, are you at hoast with me?
Sweete *Kate*, tell thy father from me,
That none in the world could sooner have perswaded mee to
it. then thou, and so tell thy father from me.

Kate.

God keepe your Majesty in good health. *[Exit Kate.]*

Henry 5.

Farewell sweet *Kate*, in faith it is a sweet wench,
But if I knew I could not have her fathers good will,
I would so rowse the Towers over his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Upon his hands and knees. *[Exit King.]*

Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes.

Dericke.

How now? Sownes it did me good to see how I did triumph
over the French men.

Enters

Enters John Cobler roving, with a packe full of apparrell.

John.

Whoope *Dericke*, how doest thou?

Dericke.

What *John Comedevales*, alive yet?

John.

I promise thee *Dericke*, I scapt hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kilde,

Dericke.

Were you so?

John.

I trust me, I had like beene slaine.

Dericke.

But once kilde, why it tis nothing,
I was foure or five times slaine.

John.

Foure or five times slaine.

Why how couldst thou have beene alive now?

Dericke.

O *John*, never say so,

For I was calde the bloody souldier amongst them all.

John.

Why what didst thou?

Dericke.

Why, I will tell thee *John*,

Every day when I went into the field,

I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose,

And make my nose bleed, and then I would go into the field

And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,

Peace a bloody souldier, and bid me stand aside,

Whereof I was glad:

But marke the chance *John*.

I went and stood behind a tree, but marke then *John*,

I thought I had beene safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a lusty tall French-man,

Now he drew, and I drew,

Now I lay here, and he lay there.

Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward;

And skipped quite over a hedge,

And he saw me no more there that day.

And was not this well done *John*?

A a 2

John.

John.

Masse *Dericke*, thou hast a witty head.

Dericke.

I *John*, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my counsel.
But what hast thou there?

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French-men.

John.

I faith *Dericke*, I have gotten some reparrell,
To carry home to my Wife.

Dericke.

And I have got some shooes,
For Ile tell thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all theyr shooes.

John.

I, but *Dericke*, how shall wee get home?

Dericke.

Nay, fownds and they take thee,
They will hang thee,
O *John*, never doe so, if it be thy Fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoever thou doest.

John.

Why *Dericke* the warres is done,
We may goe home now.

Dericke.

I, but you may not go before you aske the king leave;
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leave.

John.

How is that *Dericke*?

Dericke.

Why *John*, thou knowest the Duke of *Torkes*
Funerall must be carryed into *England*, doest thou not?

John.

I, that I doe.

Dericke.

Why then thou knowest weele go with it.

John.

I but *Dericke*, how shall wee doe for to meet them?

Dericke.

Scown is if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.
Syria, thou knowest that in every Towne there will

Be ringing, and there will be cakes and drinke:
 Now I will goe to the Clarke and Sexton,
 And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well:
 And thou shalt goe and take a piece of cake, then ile ring,
 And thou shalt say, Oh this fellow keepes a good flint,
 And then I wil goe drinke to thee all the way:
 But I marvell what my dame wil say when we come home,
 Because we have not a French word to cast at a Dog
 By the way?

John.

Why what shall we doe, *Dericke?*

Dericke.

Why *John*, ile goe before, and call my dame whore,
 And thou shalt come after, and set fire on the house.
 We may doe it *John*, for ile prove it,
 Because we be fouldiers.

[*The Trumpets sound.*

John.

Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes.

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford, and Exceter, then the
 King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondy,
 and attendants.*

Henry 5.

Now my good brother of *France*,
 I hope by this time you have deliberated of your answere.

French King.

I my wel beloved brother of *England*,
 We have viewed it over with our learned Councell,
 But cannot finde that you should be crowned
 King of *France*.

Henry 5.

What not King of *France*, then nothing,
 I must be king: but my loving brother of *France*,
 I can hardly forget the late injuries offered me,
 When I came laist to parley,
 The French men had better a raked
 The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
 Then to have fiered my Tentes.
 And if I knew thy sonne Prince *Dolphin* for one,
 I would so rowse him, as he was never so rowsed.

A a 3

French

French King.

I dare sweare for my sonnes Innocency in this matter.
But if this please you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned Heyre and Regent of *France*,
Not king, because I my selfe was once crowned king.

Henry 5.

Heyre and Regent of *France*, that is well,
But that is not all that I must have.

French King.

The rest my Secretary hath in writing.

Secretary.

Item, that *Henry* king of *England*,
Be crowned Heyre and Regent of *France*,
During the life of king *Charles*, and after his death,
The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King *Henry*
Of *England*, and to his heyres for ever.

Henry 5.

Well, my good brother of *France*,
There is one thing I must needs desire.

French King.

What is that, my good brother of *England*?

Henry 5.

That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

French King.

Whereas they have not sticke with greater matters, I know
they will not sicke with such a trifle,
Beginne you my Lord Duke of *Burgondie*.

Henry 5.

Come, my Lord of *Burgondie*,
Take your oath upon my sword.

Burgondie.

I *Philip* Duke of *Burgondie*,
Sweare to *Henry* King of *England*,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I *Philip* heare of any forraigne power,
Comming to invade the sayde *Henry*, or his heyres,
Then I the sayde *Philip* to send him word,
And ayde him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath.

[*He kisseth the sword.*

Henry

Henry 5.

Come, Prince *Dolphin*, you must sweare too.

[*He kisseth the sword.*]

Henry 5.

Well, my brother of *France*,

There is one thing more I must needs require of you.

French King.

Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Majestie?

Henry 5.

A trifle my good brother of *France*.

I meane to make your daughter Queene of *England*,

If she be willing, and you therewith content :

How sayst thou *Kate*, canst thou love the King of *England*?

Kate.

How should I love thee, which is my fathers enemie?

Henry 5.

Tut stand not upon these points,

Tis you must make us friends :

I know *Kate*, thou art not a little proud, that I love thee,

What wench, the king of *England*.

French King.

Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the king of *England* and thee, agree to it.

Kate.

I had best whilst he is willing,

Lest when I would, he will not,

I rest at your Majesties commaund.

Henry 5.

Welcome sweet *Kate*, but my brother of *France*
What say you to it?

French King.

With all my heart I like it,

But when shall be your wedding day?

Henry 5.

The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORY
OF
K I N G L E I R,
AND
HIS THREE DAUGHTERS,
GONORILL, RAGAN, and CORDELLA.

As it hath bene divers and sundry times lately acted.

London, Printed by SIMON STAFFORD for JOHN WRIGHT,
and are to bee sold at his shop at Christes church dore, next
Newgate-market, 1605.





THE TRUE
CHRONICLE HISTORIE
OF
K I N G L E I R,
AND HIS
THREE DAUGHTERS.

A C T U S I.

Enter king Leir and nobles.

THUS to our griefe the obsequies performd
Of our (too late) deceast and dearest queen,
Whose soule I hope, possesse of heavenly joyes,
Doth ride in triumph 'mongst the cherubins;
Let us request your grave advice, my lords,
For the disposing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is specially imployd,
As nature bindeth to advance their states,
In royal marriage with some princely mates:
For wanting now their mothers good advice,
Under whose government they have received
A perfit patterne of a vertuous life:
Left as it were a ship without a sterne,
Or silly sheepe without a pastors care;
Although our selves doe dearely tender them,

B b 2

Yet

Yet are we ignorant of their affayres :
 For fathers best do know to governe sonnes ;
 But daughters steps the mothers counfel turnes.
 A sonne we want for to succeed our crowne,
 And course of time hath cancelled the date
 Of further issue from our withered loines :
 One foote already hangeth in the grave,
 And age hath made deepe furrowes in my face :
 The world of me, I of the world am weary,
 And I would faine resigne these earthly cares,
 And thinke upon the welfare of my soule :
 Which by no better meanes may be effected,
 Then by resigning up the crowne from me.
 In equal dowry to my daughters thrce.

Skalliger.

A worthy care, my liege, which well declares,
 The zeale you bare unto our *quondam* queene :
 And since your grace hath licens'd me to speake,
 I censure thus ; your majesty knowing well,
 What severall suiters your princely daughters have,
 To make them eche a jointer more or lesse,
 As is their worth, to them that love professie.

Leir.

No more, nor lesse, but even all alike,
 My zeale is fixt, all fashiond in one mould :
 Wherefore impartial shall my censure be,
 Both old and young shall have alike for me.

Nobles.

My gracious lord, I hartily do wish,
 That God hath lent you an heire indubitate,
 Which might have set upon your royal throne,
 When fates should loose the prison of your life,
 By whose succession all this doubt might cease ;
 And as by you, by him we might have peace.
 But after-wishes ever come too late,
 And nothing can revoke the course of fate :
 Wherefore, my liege, my censure deemes it best,
 To match them with some of your neighbour kings,
 Bordring within the bounds of *Albion*,

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS. 381

By whose united friendship, this our state
May be protected 'gainst all forraine hate.

Leir.

Herein, my lords, your wishes sort with mine,
And mine (I hope) do sort with heavenly powers :
For at this instant two neere neighbouring kings,
Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, motion love
To my two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*.
My youngest daughter, faire *Cordella*, vowes
No liking to a monarch, unlesse love allowes.
She is solicited by divers peeres ;
But none of them her partial fancy heares.
Yet, if my policy may her beguile,
Ile match her to some king within this ile,
And so establish such a perfit peace,
As fortunes force shall ne're prevaile to cease.

Perillus.

Of us and ours, your gracious care, my lord,
Deserves an everlasting memory,
To be inrol'd in chronicles of fame,
By never-dying perpetuity :
Yet to become so provident a prince,
Lose not the title of a loving father :
Do not force love, where fancy cannot dwell,
Lest streames being stopt, above the banks do swell,

Leir.

I am resolv'd, and even now my mind
Doth meditate a sudden stratagem,
To try which of my daughters loves me best :
Which till I know, I cannot be in rest.
This graunted, when they jointly shall contend;
Eche to exceed the other in their love :
Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella*,
Even as she doth protest she loves me best,
Ile say, then, daughter, graunt me one request,
To shew thou lovest me as thy sisters doe,
Accept a husband, whom my self will woo.
This said, she cannot well deny my sute,
Although (poore soule) her sences will be mute :

B b 3

Then

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Then will I triumph in my policy,
And match her with a king of *Brittany*.

Skalliger.

Ile to them before, and bewray your secrecy.

Perillus.

Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themselves do first repent,
When heavenly powers do frustrate their intent.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gonorill* and *Ragan*.

Gonorill.

I marvel, *Ragan*, how you can indure
To see that proud pert peat, our youngest sister,
So slightly to account of us, her elders,
As if we were no better then her self!
We cannot have a quaint device so soone,
Or new made fashion, of our choice invention;
But if she like it, she will have the same,
Or study newer to exceed us both.
Besides, she is so nice and so demure;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise,
That all the court hath work ynough to do,
To talke how she exceedeth me and you.

Ragan.

What should I do? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill:
Some desperate medicine must be soone applied,
To dimme the glory of her mounting fame;
Els ere't be long, sheele have both prick and praise,
And we must be set by for working dayes.
Doe you not see what several choice of futers
She daily hath, and of the best degree?
Say, amongst all, she hap to fancy one,
And have a husband when as we have none:
Why then, by right, to her we must give place,
Though it be ne're so much to our disgrace.

Gonorill.

By my virginity, rather then she shall have
A husband before me,
Ile marry one or other in his shirt:

And

And yet I have made halfe a graunt already
Of my good will unto the king of *Cornwall*.

Ragan.

Sweare not so deeply (sister) here commeth my *L. Skalliger*.
Something his hasty comming doth import.

Enter Skalliger.

Skalliger.

Sweet princefles, I am glad I met you heere so luckily,
Having good newes which doth concerne you both,
And craveth speedy expedition.

Ragan.

For Gods sake tell us what it is, my lord,
I am with child untill you utter it.

Skalliger.

Madam, to save your longing, this it is :
Your father in great secrecy to day
Told me, he meanes to marry you out of hand
Unto the noble prince of *Cambria* ;
You, madam, to the king of *Cornwall*s grace :
Your yonger sister he would faine bestow
Upon the rich king of *Hibernia* :
But that he doubts, she hardly will consent ;
For hitherto she ne're could fancy him.
If she do yeeld, why then, betweene you three,
He will devide his kingdome for your dowries.
But yet there is a further mystery,
Which, so you will conceale, I will disclose.

Gonorill.

What e'er thou speakst to us, kind *Skalliger*,
Thinke that thou speakst it only to thy selfe.

Skalliger.

He earnestly desireth for to know,
Which of you three do beare most love to him,
And on your loves he so extremely dotes,
As never any did, I thinke, before.
He presently doth meane to fend for you,
To be resolv'd of this tormenting doubt :
And looke, whose answer pleaseth him the best,
They shall have most unto their marriages.

B b 4

Ragan.

Ragan.

O that I had some pleasing mermaids voice,
For to inchaunt his fencelesse fences with !

Skalliger.

For he supposeth that *Cordella* will
(Striving to go beyond you in her love)
Promise to do what ever he desires :
Then will he straight enjoin her for his sake,
The *Hibernian* king in marriage for to take.
This is the summe of all I have to say ;
Which being done, I humbly take my leave,
Not doubting but your wisdomes will foresee
What course will best unto your good agree.

Gonorill.

Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindnes undeserved,
Shall not be unrequited, if we live. [Exit *Skalliger*.

Ragan.

Now have we fit occasion offred us,
To be reveng'd upon her unperceiv'd.

Gonorill.

Nay, our revenge we will inflict on her
Shall be accounted piety in us :
I will so flatter with my doting father,
As he was ne're so flattered in his life.
Nay, I will say, that if it be his pleasure,
To match me to a begger, I will yeeld :
For why, I know what ever I do say,
He meanes to match me with the *Cornwall* king.

Ragan.

He say the like : for I am well assured,
What e're I say to please the old mans mind,
Who dotes, as if he were a child againe,
I shall enjoy the noble *Cambrian* prince :
Only, to feed his humour, will suffice,
To say, I am content with any one
Whom heele appoint me ; this will please him more
Then e're *Appolloes* musike pleased *Jove*.

Gonorill.

I smile to think, in what a wofull plight
Cordella will be, when we answer thus :

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS. 385

For she will rather dye, then give consent
To joine in marriage with the *Irish* king :
So will our father think, she loveth him not,
Because she will not graunt to his desire,
Which we will aggravate in such bitter termes,
That he will soone convert his love to hate :
For he, you know, is alwayes in extremes.

Ragan.

Not all the world could lay a better plot,
I long till it be put in practice.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir and Perillus.

Leir.

Perillus, go seeke my daughters,
Will them immediately come and speak with me.

Perillus.

I will, my gracious lord.

[*Exit.*

Leir.

Oh, what a combat feeles my panting heart,
'Twixt childrens love, and care of common weale !
How deare my daughters are unto my soul,
None knowes, but he, that knowes my thoughts and secret deeds.
Ah, little do they know the deare regard,
Wherein I hold their future state to come :
When they securely sleepe on beds of downe,
These aged eyes do watch for their behalfe :
While they like wantons sport in youthful toyes,
This throbbing heart is pearst with dire annoyes.
As doth the sun exceed the smallest starre,
So much the fathers love exceeds the child.
Yet my complaynts are causlesse : for the world
Affords not children more conformable :
And yet, me thinks, my mind presageth still
I know not what ; and yet I feare some ill.

Enter Perillus, with the three daughters.

Well, here my daughters come : I have found out
A present means to rid me of this doubt.

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

Our royal lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenour of your will,
Why you so hastily have sent for us.

Leir.

Deare *Gonorill*, kind *Razan*, sweet *Cordella*,
Ye flourishing branches of a kingly stocke,
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish greene,
Whose blossomes now are nipt with winters frost,
And pale grym death doth wayt upon my steps,
And summons me unto his next assizes.
Therefore, deare daughters, as ye tender the safety
Of him that was the cause of your first being,
Resolve a doubt which much molests my mind,
Which of you three to me would prove most kind;
Which loves me most, and which at my request
Will soonest yeeld unto their fathers heft.

Gonorill

I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters love to him:
Yet for my part, to shew my zeal to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearst,
I prize my love to you at such a rate,
I thinke my life inferiour to my love.
Should you injeine me for to tie a millstone
About my neck, and leape into the sea,
At your commaund I willingly would doe it:
Yea, for to doe you good, I would ascend
The highest turret in all *Brittany*,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground:
Nay, more, should you appoint me for to marry
The meanest vassaile in the spacious world,
Without reply I would accomplish it:
In brieft, commaund whatever you desire,
And if I faile, no favour I require.

Leir.

O, how thy words revive my dying soule!

Cordella.

O, how I doe abhorre this flattery!

Leir.

But what sayth *Ragan* to her father's will?

Ragan.

O, that my simple utterance could suffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And never can be quench'd, but by desire
To shew the same in outward forwardnesse.
Oh, that there were some other maid that durst
But make a challenge of her love with me;
Ide make her soone confesse she never loved
Her father halfe so well as I doe you.
I then my deeds should prove in plainer case,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace:
But for them all, let this one meane suffice.
To ratify my love before your eyes:
I have right noble suters to my love,
No worse then kings, and happely I love one:
Yes, would you have me make my choice anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.

Leir.

Did never *Philomel* sing so sweet a note.

Cordella.

Did never flatterer tell so false a tale.

Leir.

Speak now, *Cordella*, make my joyes at full,
And drop downe nectar from thy hony lips.

Cordella.

I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
But looke what love the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I beare, my gracious lord.

Goncrill.

Here is an answere answerlesse indeed:
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brooke it.

Ragan.

Dost thou not blush, proud peacock as thou art,
To make our father such a slight reply?

Leir.

Leir.

Why how now, minion, are you growne so proud ?
 Doth our deare love make you thus peremptory ?
 What, is your love become so small to us,
 As that you scorne to tell us what it is ?
 Do you love us, as every child doth love
 Their father ? True indeed, as some,
 Who by disobedience short their fathers dayes,
 And so would you ; some are so father-sick,
 That they make meanes to rid them from the world ;
 And so would you : some are indifferent,
 Whether their aged parents live or die ;
 And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud girle,
 What care I had to foster thee to this,
 Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do :
 Our life is lesse, then love we owe to you.

Cordella.

Deare father, do not so mistake my words,
 Nor my plaine meaning be misconstrued ;
 My tounge was never uide to flattery.

Gonorill.

You were not best say I flatter : if you do,
 My deeds shall shew, I flatter not with you.
 I love my father better then thou canst.

Cordella.

The praise were great, spoke from another's mouth ;
 But it should seeme your neighbours dwell far off.

Ragan.

Nay, here is one, that will confirme as much
 As she hath said, both for my selfe and her.
 I say, thou dost not wish my father's good.

Cordella.

Deare father——

Leir.

Peace, bastard impe, no issue of king *Leir*,
 I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
 Call not me father, if thou love thy life,
 Nor these thy sisters once presume to name :
 Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine ;
 Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyselfe :

My

My kingdome will I equally devide
 'Twixt thy two sisters to their royal dowre,
 And will bestow them worthy their deserts :
 This done, because thou shalt not have the hope
 To have a child's part in the time to come,
 I presently will dispossesse my selfe,
 And set up these upon my princely throne.

Gonorill.

I ever thought that pride would have a fall.

Ragan.

Plaine dealing, sister : your beauty is so sheene,
 You need no dowry, to make you be a queene.

[*Exeunt Leir, Gonorill, Ragan.*

Cordella.

Now whither, poore forsaken, shall I goe,
 When mine owne sisters triumph in my woe ?
 But unto him which doth protect the just,
 In him will poore *Cordella* put her trust.
 These hands shall labour, for to get my spending ;
 And so Ile live until my days have ending.

Perillus.

Oh, how I grieve, to see my lord thus fond,
 To dote so much upon vaine flattering words.
 Ah, if he but with good advice had weighed,
 The hidden tenure of her humble speech,
 Reason to rage should not have given place,
 Nor poore *Cordella* suffer such disgrace.

[*Exit.*

Enter the Gallian king with Mumford, and three nobles more.

King.

Disswade me not, my lords, I am resolv'd,
 This next faire wind to saile for *Brittany*,
 In some disguise, to see if flying saime
 Be not too prodigal in the wondrous praise
 Of these three nymphes, the daughters of king *Leir*.
 If present view do answer absent praise,
 And eyes allow of what our ears have heard,
 And *Venus* stand auspicious to my vows,
 And fortune favour what I take in hand ;

I will

I will returne seiz'd of as rich a prize
As *Iafon*, when he wanne the golden fleece.

Mumford.

Heavens graunt you may : the match were ful of honor,
And well befeeming the young *Gallian* king.
I would your grace would favour me so much,
As make me partner of your pilgrimage.
I long to see the gallant *British* dames,
And feed mine eyes upon their rare perfections :
For till I know the contrary, Ile say,
Our dames in *Fraunce* are far more faire then they.

King.

Lord *Mumford*, you have saved me a labour,
In offering that which I did meane to aske :
And I most willingly accept your company.
Yet first I will injoine you to observe
Some few conditions which I shall propose.

Mumford.

So that you do not tye mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glaunces of faire dames :
So that you do not tye my tong from speaking,
My lips from kissing, when occasion serves,
My hands from congees, and my knees to bow
To gallant girles ; which were a taske more hard,
Then flesh and bloud is able to indure :
Commaund what else you please, I rest content.

King.

To bind thee from a thing thou canst not leave,
Were but a meane to make thee seeke it more :
And therefore speake, looke, kisse, salute for me ;
In these my selfe am like to second thee.
Now heare thy taske. I charge thee from the time
That first we set saile for the *Brittish* shore,
To use no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendliest manner that thou canst,
Make use of me as thy companion :
For we will go disguise in palmers weeds,
That no man shall mistrust us what we are.

Mumford.

Mumford.

If that be all, Ile fit your turne I warrant you. I am some kin to the *Blunts*, and, I think, the bluntest of all my kindred; therefore if I bee too blunt with you, thanke yourselfe for praying me to be so.

King.

Thy pleasant company will make the way seeme short. It resteth now, that in my absence hence, I do commit the government to you My trusty lords and faithful counsellors. Time cutteth off the rest I have to say: The wind blowes faire, and I must needs away.

Nobles.

Heavens send your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpose to protect. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the king of Cornwall and his man booted and spurred, a riding wand, and a letter in his hand.

Cornwall.

But how far distant are we from the court?

Servant.

Some twenty miles, my lord, or thereabouts.

Cornwall.

It seemeth to me twenty thousand miles:
Yet hope I to be there within this houre. [*To himselfe.*

Servant.

Then are you like to ride alone for me.
I thinke my lord is weary of his life.

Cornwall.

Sweet *Gonorill*, I long to see thy face,
Which hast so kindly gratified my love.

Enter the king of Cambria booted and spurred, and his man with a wand and a letter.

Cambria.

Get a fresh horse: for by my soule I sweare,
I am past patience, longer to forbear [*He lookes on the letter.*

The

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The wished sight of my beloved mistress,
Deare *Ragan*, stay and comfort of my life.

Servant.

Now what in God's name doth my lord intend?

[*To himselfe.*

He thinks he ne'er shall come at's journey's end.
I would he had old *Dedalus* waxen wings,
That he might flye, so I might stay behind:
For ere we get to *Troynovant*, I see,
He quite will tire himselfe, his horse, and me.

*Cornwall and Cambria looke one upon another, and start to see
eche other there.*

Cornwall.

Brother of *Cambria*, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect.

Cambria.

Brother of *Cornwall*, met in happy time:
I thought as much to have met with the souldan of *Persia*,
As to have met you in this place, my lord.
No doubt, it is about some great affaires,
That makes you here so slenderly accompanied.

Cornwall.

To say the truth, my lord, it is no lesse,
And for your part some hasty wind of chance
Hath blowne you hither thus upon the sudden.

Cambria.

My lord, to break off further circumstances,
For at this time I cannot brooke delayes:
Tell you your reason, I will tell you mine.

Cornwall.

In faith content, and therefore to be brieve;
For I am sure my haste's as great as yours:
I am sent for, to come unto king *Leir*,
Who by these present letters promiseth
His eldest daughter, lovely *Gonorill*,
To me in marriage, and for present dowry,
The moiety of halfe his regiment.

The ladies love I long ago possesst :
But until now I never had the fathers.

Cambria.

You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange newes, and henceforth we must brothers call ;
Witnesse these lines : his honourable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his crowne,
His princely daughter *Ragan* will bestow
On me in mariage, with halfe his seigniories,
Whom I would gladly have accepted of,
With the third part, her complements are such.

Cornwall.

If I have one halfe, and you have the other,
Then betweene us we must needs have the whole.

Cambria.

The hole ! how meane you that ? zlood, I hope,
We shall have two holes betweene us.

Cornwall.

Why, the whole kingdome.

Cambria.

I, that's very true.

Cornwall.

What then is left for his third daughters dowry,
Lovely *Cordella*, whom the world admires ?

Cambria.

'Tis very strange, I know not what to thinke,
Unlesse they meane to make a nunne of her.

Cornwall.

'Twere pity such rare beauty should be hid
Within the compasse of a cloysters wall :
But howsoe'er, if *Leir's* words prove true,
It will be good, my lord, for me and you.

Cambria.

Then let us haste, all danger to prevent,
For feare delays doe alter his intent.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gonorill* and *Regan.*

Gonorill.

Sister, when did you see *Cordella* last,
That pretty piece, that thinks none good ynough

C c

To

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To speake to her, because (fir-reverence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary ?

Ragan.

Since time my father warnd her from his presence,
I never saw her, that I can remember.
God give her joy of her surpassing beauty ;
I thinke, her dowry will be small ynough.

Gonorill.

I have incenst my father so against her,
As he will never be reclaimd againe.

Ragan.

I was not much behind to do the like.

Gonorill.

Faith, sister, what moves you to beare her such good will ?

Ragan.

In truth, I thinke, the same that moveth you ;
Because she doth surpasse us both in beauty.

Gonorill.

Beshrew your fingers, how right you can gesse :
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.

Ragan.

But we will keepe her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting up too hie.

Gonorill.

Who ever hath her, shall have a rich mariage of her.

Ragan.

She were right fit to make a parson's wife :
For they, men say, do love faire women well,
And many times doe marry them with nothing.

Gonorill.

With nothing ! marry God forbid : why, are there any such ?

Ragan.

I mean, no money.

Gonorill.

I cry you mercy, I mistooke you much :
And she is far too stately for the church ;
Shee'le lay her husband's benefice on her back,
Even in one gowne, if she may have her will.

Ragan.

In faith, poore soul, I pittie her a little.
Would she were lesse faire, or more fortunate.

Well,

Well, I thinke long untill I see my *Morgan*,
The gallant prince of *Cambria*, here arrive.

Gonorill.

And so do I, until the *Cornwall* king
Present himselfe, to consummate my joyes.
Peace, here commeth my father.

Enter Leir, Perillus, and others.

Leir.

Cease, good my lords, and sue not to reverse
Our censure, which is now irrevocable,
We have dispatched letters of contract
Unto the kings of *Cambria* and of *Cornwall*;
Our hand and seale will justify no lesse:
Then do not so dishonour me, my lords,
As to make shipwrack of our kingly word.
I am as kind as is the pellican,
That kils it selfe, to save her young ones lives:
And yet as jealous as the princely eagle,
That kils her young ones, if they do but dazell
Upon the radiant splendor of the sunne.
Within this two dayes I expect their coming.

Enter kings of Cornwall and Cambria.

But in good time, they are arriv'd already.
This haste of yours, my lords, doth testify
The fervent love you beare unto my daughters:
And think your selves as welcome to king *Leir*,
As ever *Pryams* children were to him.

Cornwall.

My gracious lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater haste:
But were my horse as swift as was my will,
I long ere this had seene your majesty.

Cambria.

No other scuse of absence can I frame,
Then what my brother hath inform'd your grace:
For our undeserved welcome, we do vowe,
Perpetually to rest at your command.

Cornwall.

But you, sweet love, illustrious *Gonorill*,
The regent, and the soveraigne of my soule,
Is *Cornwall* welcome to your excellency?

Gonorill.

As welcome, as *Leander* was to *Hero*,
Or brave *Aeneas* to the *Carthage* queene:
So and more welcome is your grace to me.

Cambria.

O, may my fortune prove no worse then his,
Since heavens do know, my fancy is as much.
Deare *Ragan*, say, if welcome unto thee,
All welcomes else will little comfort me.

Ragan.

As gold is welcome to the covetous eye,
As sleepe is welcome to the traveller,
As is fresh water to sea-beaten men,
Or moistned showres unto the parched ground,
Or any thing more welcomer then this,
So and more welcome lovely *Morgan* is.

Leir.

What resteth then, but that we consummate
The celebration of these nuptial rites?
My kingdome I do equally divide.
Princes, draw lots, and take your chaunce as falles.

[Then they draw lots.]

These I resigne as freely unto you,
As earst by true succession they were mine.
And here I do freely dispossesse my selfe,
And make you two my true adopted heires:
My selfe will sojorne with my sonne of *Cornwall*,
And take me to my prayers and my beades.
I know, my daughter *Ragan* will be sorry,
Because I do not spend my dayes with her:
Would I were able to be with both at once;
They are the kindest girles in *Christendome*.

Perillus.

I have bin silent all this while, my lord,
To see if any worthier then my selfe,
Would once have spoke in poore *Cordellaes* cause:

But love or feare ties silence to their tounge.
Oh, heare me speake for her, my gracious lord,
Whose deeds have not deserv'd this ruthlesse doome,
As thus to disinherit her of all.

Leir.

Urge this no more, and if thou love thy life :
I say, she is no daughter, that doth scorne
To tell her father how she loveth him.
Who ever speaketh hereof to mee againe,
I will esteeme him for my mortal foe.
Come, let us in, to celebrate with joy,
The happy nuptialls of these lovely paires.

[*Exeunt omnes, manet Perillus.*

Perillus.

Ah, who so blind, as they that will not see
The neere approach of their owne misery ?
Poore lady, I extremely pittie her :
And whilest I live, eche drop of my heart blood
Will I straine forth, to do her any good.

[*Exit.*

Enter the Gallian king, and Mumford, disguised like pilgrims.

Mumford.

My lord, how do you brook this *Brittish* aire ?

King.

My lord, I told you of this foolish humour,
And bound you to the contrary, you know.

Mumford.

Pardon me for once, my lord ; I did forget.

King.

My lord againe ? then let's have nothing else,
And so be tane for spies, and then tis well.

Mumford.

Swounds, I could bite my tounge in two for anger :
For Gods sake name yourself some proper name.

King.

Call me *Trefillus* : Ile call thee *Denapoll.*

Mumford.

Might I be made the monarch of the world,
I could not hit upon these names, I sweare.

C c 3

King.

*King.*Then call me *Will*, Ile call thee *Jacke*.*Mumford.*Well, be it so, for I have well deserv'd to be cal'd *Jacke*,*King.*Stand close; for here a *Brittish* lady commeth:*Enter Cordella.*

A fairer creature ne're mine eyes beheld.

Cordella.

This is a day of joy unto my sisters,
 Wherein they both are married unto kings;
 And I, by birth, as worthy as themselves,
 Am ternd into the world, to seeke my fortune.
 How may I blame the fickle queene of chaunce,
 That maketh me a patterne of her power?
 Ah, poore weake maid, whose imbecility
 Is far unable to indure these brunts.
 Oh, father *Leir*, how dost thou wrong thy child,
 Who alwayes was obedient to thy will!
 But why accuse I fortune and my father?
 No, no, it is the pleasure of my God:
 And I do willingly imbrace the rod.

King.

It is no goddesse; for she doth complaine
 On fortune, and th' unkindnesse of her father.

Cordella.

These costly robes ill fitting my estate,
 I will exchange for other meener habit.

Mumford.

Now if I had a kingdome in my hands,
 I would exchange it for a milkemaids smock and peticoate,
 That she and I might shift our clothes together.

Cordella.

I will betake me to my threed and needle,
 And earne my living with my fingers ends.

Mumford.

O brave! God willing, thou shalt have my custome.
 By sweet *S. Denis*, here I sadly sweare,
 For all the shirts and night-geare that I weare.

Cordella.

Cordella.

I will professe and vow a maidens life.

Mumford.

Then I protest thou shalt not have my custom.

King.

I can forbear no longer for to speak :
For if I do, I think my heart will breake.

Mumford.

Sblood, *Wil*, I hope you are not in love with my sempster.

King.

I am in such a laborinth of love,
As that I know not which way to get out.

Mumford.

You'l ne're get out, unlesse you first get in.

King.

I prithy *Jacke*, crosse not my passions.

Mumford.

Prithy *Wil*, to her, and try her patience.

King.

Thou fairest creature, whatsoere thou art,
That ever any mortal eyes beheld,
Vouchsafe to me, who have o'reheard thy woes,
To shew the cause of these thy sad laments.

Cordella.

Ah pilgrims, what avails to shew the cause,
When there's no meanes to find a remedy?

King.

To utter grieve, doth ease a heart o'recharg'd.

Cordella.

To touch a fore, doth aggravate the paine.

King.

The silly mouse, by vertue of her teeth,
Releas'd the princely lion from the net.

Cordella.

Kind palmer, which so much desir'st to heare
The tragick tale of my unhappy youth :
Know this in brieve, I am the haplesse daughter
Of *Leir*, sometimes king of *Brittany*.

King.

Why, who debarres his honourable age,
From being still the king of *Brittany*?

Cordella.

None, but himfelfe hath difpoffest himfelfe,
 And given all his kingdome to the kings
 Of *Cornwall* and of *Cambria*, with my fifters.

King.

Hath he given nothing to your lovely felfe?

Cordella.

He lov'd me not, and therefore gave me nothing,
 Only becaufe I could not flatter him :
 And in this day of triumph to my fifters,
 Doth fortune triumph in my overthrow. . .

King.

Sweet lady, fay there fhould come a king,
 As good as either of your fifters husbands,
 To crave your love, would you accept of him ?

Cordella.

Oh, doe not mocke with thofe in misery,
 Nor do not think, though fortune have the power,
 To fpoile mine honour, and debase my ftate,
 That fhe hath any intereft in my mind :
 For if the greateft monarch on the earth,
 Should fwee to me in this extremity,
 Except my heart could love, and heart could like,
 Better then any that I ever faw,
 His great eftate no more fhould move my mind,
 Then mountaines move by blaft of every wind.

King.

Think not, sweet nymph, tis holy palmers guife,
 To grieved foules fresh torments to devife :
 Therefore in witneffe of my true intent,
 Let heaven and earth beare record of my words :
 There is a young and lufly *Gallian* king,
 So like to me, as I am to myfelfe,
 That earneftly doth crave to have thy love,
 And joine with thee in *Hymens* fared bonds.

Cordella.

The like to thee did ne're thefe eyes behold ;
 Oh live to adde new torments to my griele :
 Why didit thou thus intrap me unawares ?
 Ah palmer, my eftate doth not befitt

A kingly

A kingly marriage, as the case now stands.
 Whilome when as I liv'd in honours height,
 A prince perhaps might postulate my love:
 Now misery, dishonour, and disgrace,
 Hath light on me, and quite revers't the case.
 Thy king will hold thee wife, if thou surcease
 The sute, whereas no dowry will infue.
 Then be advis'd, palmer, what to do:
 Cease for thy king, seeke for thy selfe to woo.

King.

Your birth's too high for any, but a king.

Cordella.

My mind is low ynough to love a palmer,
 Rather then any king upon the earth.

King.

O, but you never can indure their life,
 Which is so straight and full of penury.

Cordella.

O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
 Ile hold thy palmers staffe within my hand,
 And thinke it is the scepter of a queene.
 Sometime Ile set thy bonnet on my head,
 And thinke I weare a rich imperial crowne.
 Sometime Ile helpe thee in thy holy prayers,
 And thinke I am with thee in paradise.
 Thus Ile mock fortune, as she mocketh me,
 And never will my lovely choice repent:
 For, having thee, I shall have all content.

King.

'Twere sin to hold her longer in suspence,
 Since that my soule hath vow'd she shall be mine.
 Ah, deare *Cordella*, cordial to my heart,
 I am no palmer, as I seeme to be,
 But hither come in this unknowne disguise,
 To view th' admired beauty of those eyes.
 I am the king of *Gallia*, gentle maid,
 (Although thus slenderly accompanied),
 And yet thy vassaile by imperious love,
 And sworne to serve thee everlastingly.

Cordella.

Cordella.

What e're you be, of high or low discent,
 All's one to me, I do request but this :
 That as I am, you will accept of me,
 And I will have you whatsoe're you be :
 Yet well I know, you come of royal race,
 I see such sparks of honour in your face.

Mumford.

Have palmers weeds such power to win faire ladies ?
 Faith, then I hope the next that fallies is mine :
 Upon condition I no worse might speed,
 I would for ever weare a palmers weed.
 I like an honest and plaine dealing wench,
 That sweares (without exceptions) I will have you.
 * These foppets, that know not whether to love a man or no,
 except they first go aske their mothers leave, by this hand, I
 hate them ten times worse then poison.

King.

What restleth then our happinesse to procure ?

Mumford.

Faith, go to church, to make the matter sure.

King.

It shall be so, because the world shall say,
 King *Leirs* three daughters were wedded in one day :
 The celebration of this happy chaunce,
 We will deferre, until we come to *Fraunce*.

Mumford.

I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.
 Well, for her sake, I know what I know :
 Ile never marry whilest I live,
 Except I have one of these *Brittish* ladies,
 My humour is alienated from the maids of *Fraunce*. [*Excunt.*]

*Enter Perillus solus.**Perillus.*

The king hath dispossessd himselſe of all,
 Those to advaunce, which scarce will give him thanks :
 His youngest daughter he hath turnd away,
 And no man knowes what is become of her.

He

He sojourns now in *Cornwall* with the eldest,
 Who flattered him, until she did obtaine
 That at his hands, which now she doth possesse:
 And now she sees hee hath no more to give,
 It grieves her heart to see her father live,
 Oh, whom should man trust in this wicked age,
 When children thus against their parents rage?
 But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
 Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply:
 Yet shames she not in most opprobrious sort,
 To call him foole and doted to his face,
 And sets her parasites of purpose oft,
 In scoffing wise to offer him disgrace.
 Oh yron age! O times! O monstrous, vilde,
 When parents are contemned of the child!
 His pension she hath halfe restrain'd from him,
 And will, ere long, the other halfe, I feare;
 For she thinks nothing is bestowde in vaine,
 But that which doth her father's life maintaine.
 Trust not alliance; but trust strangers rather,
 Since daughters prove disloyal to the father.
 Well, I wil counsel him the best I can:
 Would I were able to redresse his wrong,
 Yet what I can, unto my utmost power,
 He shall be sure of to the latest houre.

[Exit.

Enter *Gonorill* and *Skalliger*.

Gonorill.

I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkest:
 Could any woman of our dignity
 Endure such quips and peremptory taunts,
 As I do daily from my doting father?
 Doth't not suffice that I him keepe of almes,
 Who is not able for to keepe himselfe?
 But as if he were our better, he should thinke
 To check and snap me up at every word.
 I cannot make me a new fashioned gowne,
 And set it forth with more then common cost;

But

But his old doting doltish withered wit,
 Is sure to give a fencelesse check for it.
 I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
 To grace my selfe, and spread my name abroad,
 But he, old foole, is captious by and by,
 And saith, the cost would well suffice for twice.
 Judge then, I pray, what reason is't, that I
 Should stand alone charg'd with his vaine expence,
 And that my sister *Ragan* should go free,
 To whom he gave as much, as unto me?
 I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,
 By any meanes to rid me of this woe.

Skalliger.

Your many favours still bestowde on me,
 Binde me in duty to advise your grace,
 How you may soonest remedy this ill.
 The large allowance which he hath from you,
 Is that which makes him so forget himselfe :
 Therefore abbridge it halfe, and you shall see,
 That having lesse, he will more thankful be :
 For why, abundance maketh us forget
 The fountaines whence the benefits do spring.

Gonorill.

Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kind advice herein,
 I will not be ungrateful, if I live :
 I have restrained halfe his portion already,
 And I will presently restraine the other,
 That having no meanes to releve himselfe,
 He may go seeke elsewhere for better helpe.

[*Exit.*

Skalliger,

Go, viperous woman, shame to all thy sexe :
 The heavens, no doubt, will punish thee for this :
 And me a villaine, that to curry favour,
 Have given the daughter counsel 'gainst the father.
 But us the world doth this experience give,
 That he that cannot flatter, cannot live.

[*Exit.*

Enter

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS. 405

Enter king of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus, and nobles.

Cornwall.

Father, what aileth you to be so sad?
Methinks, you frollike not as you were wont.

Leir.

The neerer we do grow unto our graves,
The lesse we do delight in worldly joyes.

Cornwall.

But if a man can frame himselfe to mirth,
It is a meane for to prolong his life.

Leir.

Then welcome sorrow, *Leir's* only friend,
Who doth desire his troubled dayes had end.

Cornwall.

Comfort yourselfe, father, here comes your daughter,
Who much will grieve, I know, to see you sad.

Enter Gonorill.

Leir.

But more doth grieve, I feare, to see me live.

Cornwall.

My *Gonorill*, you come in wished time,
To put your father from these pensive dumps.
In faith, I feare that all things go not well.

Gonorill.

What, do you feare, that I have angered him?
Hath he complained of me unto my lord?
He provide him a piece of bread and cheefe;
For in a time heele practise nothing else,
Then carry tales from one unto another.
'Tis all his practise for to kindle strife,
'Twixt you, my lord, and me your loving wife:
But I will take an order, if I can,
To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.

Cornwall.

Sweet, be not angry in a partial cause,
He ne'er complain'd of thee in all his life.
Father, you must not weigh a woman's words.

Leir.

Leir.

Alas, not I: poore soule, she breeds yong bones,
And that is it makes her so tutchy fure.

Gonorill.

What, breeds young bones already! you will make
An honest woman of me then, belike.
O vild olde wretch! who ever heard the like,
That seeketh thus his owne child to defame?

Cornwall.

I cannot stay to heare this discord found.

[*Exit.*

Gonorill.

For any one that loves your company,
You may go pack, and seeke some other place,
To sowe the seed of discord and disgrace.

[*Exit.*

Leir.

Thus, say or do the best that e'er I can,
'Tis wrested straight into another sence:
This punishment my heavy sinnes deserve,
And more then this ten thousand thousand times:
Else aged *Leir* them could never find
Cruel to him, to whom he hath bin kind.
Why do I over-live myselfe, to see
The course of nature quite revert in me?
Ah, gentle death, if ever any wight
Did wish thy presence with a perfit zeale:
Then come, I pray thee, even with all my heart,
And end my sorrowes with thy fatal dart.

[*He weepes.*

Perillus.

Ah, do not so disconsolate yourselfe,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with wasting tears.

Leir.

What man art thou that takest any pity
Upon the worthlesse state of old *Leir*?

Perillus.

One, who doth beare as great a share of grieve,
As if it were my dearest father's case.

Leir.

Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou advise,
For to comfort with miserable men:

Go

Go learne to flatter, where thou mayst in time
Get favour 'mongst the mighty, and so clime:
For now I am so poore and full of want,
As that I ne're can recompence thy love.

Perillus.

What's got by flattery, doth not long indure;
And men in favour live not most secure.
My conscience tels me, if I should forsake you,
I were the hatefulst excrement on the earth:
Which well do know, in course of former time,
How good my lord hath bin to me and mine.

Leir.

Did I ere raise thee higher then the rest
Of all thy ancestors which were before?

Perillus.

I ne're did seeke it; but by your good grace,
I still enjoyed my owne with quietnesse.

Leir.

Did I ere give thee living, to increase
The due revenues which thy father left?

Perillus.

I had ynough, my lord, and having that,
What should you need to give me any more?

Leir.

Oh, did I ever dispossesse my selfe,
And give thee halfe my kingdome in good will?

Perillus.

Alas, my lord, there were no reason, why
You should have such a thought, to give it me.

Leir.

Nay, if thou talke of reason, then be mute;
For with good reason I can thee confute.
If they, which first by natures sacred law
Do owe to me the tribute of their lives;
If they to whom I alwayes have bin kinde,
And bountiful beyond comparison;
If they, for whom I have undone my selfe,
And brought my age unto this extreme want,
Do now reject, contemne, despise, abhor me,
What reason moveth thee to sorrow for me?

Perillus.

Where reason failes, let teares confirme my love,
 And speake how much your passions do me move.
 Ah, good my lord, condemne not all for one:
 You have two daughters left, to whom I know
 You shall be welcome, if you please to go.

Leir.

Oh, how thy words adde sorrow to my soule,
 To thinke of my unkindnesse to *Cordella*!
 Whom causelesse I did dispossesse of all.
 Upon th' unkind suggestions of her sisters:
 And for her sake, I thinke this heavy doome
 Is false on me, and not without desert:
 Yet unto *Ragan* was I alwayes kinde,
 And gave to her the halfe of all I had:
 It may be, if I should to her repaire,
 She would be kinder, and intreat me faire.

Perillus.

No doubt she would, and practise ere't be long,
 By force of armes for to redresse your wrong.

Leir.

Well, since thou dost advise me for to go,
 I am resolv'd to try the worst of wo.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Ragan solus.**Ragan.*

How may I blesse the howre of my nativity,
 Which bodeth unto me such happy starres!
 How may I thank kind fortune, that vouchsafes
 To all my actions, such desir'd event!
 I rule the king of *Cambria* as I please:
 The states are all obedient to my will;
 And looke what ere I say, it shall be so;
 Not any one, that dareth answere no.
 My eldest sister lives in royal state,
 And wanteth nothing fitting her degree:
 Yet hath she such a cooling card withall,
 As that her hony favoureth much of gall.

My

My father with her is quarter-master still,
 And many times restraines her of her will :
 But if he were with me, and serv'd me so,
 Ide send him packing some where else to go.
 Ide entertaine him with such slender cost,
 That he should quickly wish to change his host. [Exit.

Enter Cornwall, Gonorill, and attendants.

Cornwall.

Ah, *Gonorill*, what dire unhappy chaunce
 Hath sequestred thy father from our presence,
 That no report can yet be heard of him ?
 Some great unkindnesse hath bin offred him,
 Exceeding far the bounds of patience :
 Else all the world shall never me perswade,
 He would forsake us without notice made.

Gonorill.

Alas, my lord, whom doth it touch so neere,
 Or who hath interest in this griefe, but I,
 Whom sorrow had brought to her longest home,
 But that I know his qualities so well ?
 I know, he is but stolne upon my sister
 At unawares, to see her how she fares,
 And spend a little time with her, to note
 How all things goe, and how she likes her choice :
 And when occasion serves, heele steale from her,
 And unawares returne to us againe.
 Therefore, my lord, be frolick, and resolve
 To see my father here againe ere long.

Cornwall.

I hope so too ; but yet to be more sure,
 Ile send a poste immediately to know
 Whether he be arrived there or no. [Exit.

Gonorill.

But I will intercept the messenger,
 And temper him before he doth depart
 With sweet perswasions, and with sound rewards,
 That his report shall ratify my speech,
 And make my lord cease further to inquire.
 If he be not gone to my sisters court,

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As sure my mind perswageth that he is,
 He happely may, by travelling unknowne wayes,
 Fall sicke, and as a common passenger,
 Be dead and buried : would God it were so well ;
 For then there were no more to do, but this,
 He went away, and none knowes where he is.
 But say he be in *Cambria* with the king,
 And there exclaime against me, as he will :
 I know he is as welcome to my sister,
 As water is into a broken ship.
 Well, after him Ile send such thunderclaps
 Of slaunder, scandal, and invented tales,
 That all the blame shall be remov'd from me,
 And unperceiv'd rebound upon himselfe.
 Thus with one naile another Ile expel,
 And make the world judge, that I uside him well.

Enter the messenger that should go to Cambria, with a letter in his hand.

Gonorill.

My honest friend, whither away so fast ?

Messenger.

'To *Cambria*, madam, with letters from the king.

Gonorill.

To whom ?

Messenger.

Unto your father, if he be there.

Gonorill.

Let me see them.

[She opens them.]

Messenger.

Madam, I hope your grace will stand
 Betweene me and my neck-verse, if I be
 Call'd in question, for opening the king's letters.

Gonorill.

'Twas I that opened them, it was not thou.

Messenger.

I, but you need not care ; and so must I,
 A handsome man, be quickly trust up,
 And when a man's hang'd, all the world cannot save him.

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,
Or that but hurts thee in the least degree,
I tell thee, we make great account of thee.

Messenger.

I am o'er-joy'd, I surfeit of sweet words:
Kind queene, had I a hundred lives, I would
Spend ninety-nine of them for you, for that word.

Gonorill.

I, but thou wouldst keepe one life still,
And that's as many as thou art like to have.

Messenger.

That one life is not too deare for my good queene; this
sword, this buckler, this head, this heart, these hands, armes,
legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members else whatsoever, are
at your dispose; use me, trust me, commaund me: if I faile in
any thing, tie me to a dung cart, and make a scavengers horse
of me, and whip me so long as I have any skin on my back.

Gonorill.

In token of further imployment, take that.

[*Flings him a purse.*

Messenger.

A strong bond, a firme obligation, good in law, good in law:
if I keepe not the condition, let my necke be the forfeiture of
my negligence.

Gonorill.

I like thee well, thou hast a good tounge.

Messenger.

And as bad a tounge, if it be set on it, as any oysterwife at
Billingsgate hath: why, I have made many of my neighbours
forsake their houses with railing upon them, and go dwell else
where; and so by my meanes houses have bin good cheape
in our parish: my tounge being well whetted with choller,
is more sharpe then a razer of *Palerno*.

Gonorill.

O thou art a fit man for my purpose.

Messenger.

Commend me not, sweet queene, before you try me.
As my deserts are, so do think of me.

D d 2

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

Well said, then this is thy trial: instead of carrying the king's letters to my father, carry thou these letters to my sister, which containe matter quite contrary to the other: there shall she be given to understand, that my father hath detracted her, given out slaundrous speeches against her; and that hee hath most intollerably abused me, set my lord and me at variance, and made mutinies amongst the commons.

These things (although it be not so)

Yet thou must affirme them to be true,

With othes and protestations as will serve

To drive my sister out of love with him,

And cause my will accomplished to be.

This do, thou winst my favour for ever,

And makest a hye way of preferment to thee

And all thy friends.

Messenger.

It sufficeth, conceit it is already done:

I will so tounge-whip him, that I will

Leave him as bare of credit, as a poulter

Leaves a cony, when she pulls off his skin.

Gonorill.

Yet there is a further matter.

Messenger.

I thirst to heare it.

Gonorill.

If my sister thinketh convenient, as my letters importeth, to make him away, hast thou the heart to effect it?

Messenger.

Few words are best in so small a matter:

These are but trifles. By this booke I will. [*Kisses the paper.*]

Gonorill.

About it presently, I long till it be done.

Messenger.

I fly, I fly.

*[Exeunt.]**Enter Cordella solus.**Cordella.*

I have bin over-negligent to day,
In going to the temple of my God,

To

To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculously hath bestowed on me,
In raising me out of my meane estate,
When as I was devoid of worldly friends,
And placing me in such a sweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deserts.
My kingly husband, myrroure of his time,
For zeale, for justice, kindnesse, and for care
To God, his subjects, me, and common weale,
By his appointment was ordained for me.
I cannot wish the thing that I do want ;
I cannot want the thing but I may have,
Save only this which I shall ne're obtaine,
My father's love, oh this I ne're shall gaine.
I would abstaine from any nutryment,
And pine my body to the very bones :
Bare foote I would on pilgrimage fet forth
Unto the furthest quarters of the earth,
And all my life-time would I sackcloth weare,
And mourning-wise powre dust upon my head :
So he but to forgive me once would please,
That his gray haire might go to heaven in peace.
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein justly I have deserved blame.
Oh, sisters ! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong :
Yet God forgive both him, and you, and me ;
Even as I doe in perfit charity.
I will to church, and pray unto my Saviour,
That ere I die, I may obtaine his favour.

[Exit.

Enter Leir and Perillus faintly.

Perillus.

Rest on me, my lord, and stay yourselfe,
The way seemes tedious to your aged limmes.

Leir.

Nay, rest on me, kind friend, and stay thyselfe,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.

D d 3

Perillus.

Perillus.

Ah, good my lord, it ill befits, that I
Should leane upon the person of a king.

Leir.

But it fits worse, that I should bring thee forth,
That had no cause to come along with me,
Through these untouth paths, and tireful wayes,
And never ease thy fainting limmes a whit.
Thou hast left all, I, all to come with me,
And I, for all, have nought to guerdon thee.

Perillus.

Cease, good my lord, to aggravate my woes
With these kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will should want the power to do.

Leir.

Cease, good *Perillus*, for to call me lord,
And think me but the shaddow of myselfe.

Perillus.

That honourable title will I give
Unto my lord, so long as I do live.
Oh, be of comfort; for I see the place
Whereas your daughter keeps her residence.
And loe, in happy time the *Cambrian* prince
Is here arriv'd, to gratify our comming.

*Enter the prince of Cambria, Ragan, and nobles: looke upon them,
and whisper together.*

Leir.

Were I best speak, or sit me downe and dye?
I am atham'd to tell this heavy tale.

Perillus.

Then let me tell it, if you please, my lord:
'Tis shame for them that were the cause thereof.

Cambria.

What two old men are those that seeme so sad?
Me thinks, I should remember well their looks.

Ragan.

No, I mistake not, sure it is my father:
I must dissemble kindnesse now of force,

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She runneth to him, and kneeles downe, saying :

Father, I bid you welcome, full of griefe,
To see your grace vsde thus unworthily,
And ill besitting for your reverend age,
To come on foot a journey so indurable.
Oh, what disaſter chaunce hath bin the cause,
To make your cheeks so hollow, spare and leane?
He cannot speake for weeping : for God's love, come,
Let us refresh him with some needful things,
And at more leisure we may better know,
Whence springs the ground of this unlookt-for wo.

Cambria.

Come, father, ere we any further talke,
You shall refresh you after this weary walk.

[*Exeunt, manet Ragan.*

Ragan.

Comes he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale against my sister here?
Whom I do know, he greatly hath abusde:
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He first begins for to complaine himselfe,
When as himselfe is in the greatest fault?
Ile not be partial in my sister's cause,
Not yet beleeeve his doting vaine reports:
Who for a trifle (safely) I dare say,
Upon a spleene is stolen thence away:
And here (forsooth) he hopeth to have harbour,
And to be moan'd and made on like a child:
But ere't be long, his comming he shall curse,
And truely say, he came from bad to worſe:
Yet will I make faire weather, to procure
Convenient meanes, and then Ile strike it sure.

[*Exit.*

Enter Messenger solus.

Messenger.

Now happily I am arrived here,
Before the stately palace of the *Cambrian* king:
If *Leir* be here safe-seated, and in rest,
To rowse him from it I will do my best.

D d 4

Enter

Enter Ragan.

Now bags of gold, your vertue is (no doubt)
To make me in my message bold and stout.
The King of heaven preserve your majesty,
And send your highnesse everlasting raigne.

Ragan.

Thanks, good my friend; but what imports thy message?

Messenger.

Kind greetings from the *Cornwall* queene:
The residue these letters will declare. [*She opens the letters.*]

Ragan.

How fares our royal sifter?

Messenger.

I did leave her, at my parting, in good health.

[*She reads the letter, frownes, and stamps.*]

See how her colour comes and goes againe,
Now red as scarlet, now as pale as ash:
See how she knits her brow, and bites her lips,
And stamps, and makes a dumbe shew of disdaine,
Mixt with revenge, and violent extreames.
Here will be more worke and more crownes for me.

Ragan.

Alas, poore soule, and hath he usde her thus?

And is he now come hither, with intent

To set divorce betwixt my lord and me?

Doth he give out, that he doth heare report,

That I do rule my husband as I list,

And therefore meanes to alter so the case,

That I shall know my lord to be my head?

Well, it were best for him to take good heed,

Or I will make him hop without a head,

For his presumption, dottard that he is.

In *Cornwall* he hath made such mutinies,

First, setting of the king against the queene;

Then stirring up the commons 'gainst the king;

That had he there continued any longer,

He had bin call'd in question for his fact.

So upon that occasion thence he fled,

And comes thus slyly stealing unto us:

And

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And now already since his coming hither,
My lord and he are growne in such a league,
That I can have no conference with his grace :
I feare, he doth already intimate
Some forged cavillations 'gainst my state :
'Tis therefore best to cut him off in time,
Lest slanderous rumours once abroad disperst,
It is too late for them to be reverst.
Friend, as the tennour of these letters shewes,
My sister puts great confidence in thee.

Messenger.

She never yet committed trust to me,
But that (I hope) she found me alwayes faithful :
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occasion to imploy my helpe.

Ragan.

Hast thou the heart to act a stratagem,
And give a stabbe or two, if need require :

Messenger.

I have a heart compact of adamant,
Which never knew what melting pitty meant.
I weigh no more the murdring of a man,
Then I respect the cracking of a flea,
When I doe catch her biting on my skin.
If you will have your husband or your father,
Or both of them sent to another world,
Do but commaund me doo't, it shall be done.

Ragan.

It is ynough, we make no doubt of thee :
Meet us to morrow here, at nine a clock :
Meane while, farewell, and drink that for my sake.

[*Exit.*

Messenger.

I, this is it will make me do the deed :
Oh, had I every day such customers,
This were the gainefulst trade in *Christendome* !
A purse of gold giv'n for a paltry stabbe !
Why, heres a wench that longs to have a stabbe.
Wel, I could give it her, and ne're hurt her neither.

Enter

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Enter the Gallian king, and Cordella.

King.

When will these clouds of sorrow once disperse,
And smiling joy triumph upon thy brow?
When will this scene of sadnesse have an end,
And pleasant acts insue, to move delight?
When will my lovely queene cease to lament,
And take some comfort to her grieved thoughts?
If of thyselfe thou daignst to have no care,
Yet pitty me, whom thy grieve makes despaire.

Cordella.

O, grieve not you, my lord, you have no cause;
Let not my passions move your mind a whit:
For I am bound by nature to lament
For his ill will, that life to me first lent.
If so the stocke be dried with disdain,
Withered and fere the branch must needs remaine.

King.

But thou art now graft in another stock;
I am the stock, and thou the lovely branch:
And from my root continual sap shall flow,
To make thee flourish with perpetual spring.
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,
Since they forsake thee like inhumane beastes;
Thinke they are dead, since all their kindnesse dies,
And bury them, where black oblivion lies.
Think not thou art the daughter of old *Leir*,
Who did unkindly disinherit thee:
But think thou art the noble *Gallian* queene,
And wife to him that dearely loveth thee:
Embrace the joyes that present with thee dwell,
Let sorrow packe and hide herselfe in hell.

Cordella.

Not that I misse my country or my kinne,
My old acquaintance or my ancient friends,
Doth any whit distemperate my mind,
Knowing you, which are more deare to me
Then country, kin, and all things els can be.

Yet

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Yet pardon me, my gracious lord, in this:
 For what can stop the course of nature's power?
 As easy is it for foure-footed beasts,
 To stay themselves upon the liquid aire,
 And mount aloft into the element,
 And overstrip the feathered fowles in flight:
 As easy is it for the slimy fish,
 To live and thrive without the helpe of water:
 As easy is it for the blackamoore,
 To wash the tawny colour from his skin,
 Which all oppose against the course of nature:
 As I am able to forget my father.

King.

Myrrour of vertue, *Phoenix* of our age!
 Too kind a daughter for an unkind father,
 Be of good comfort; for I will dispatch
 Ambassadors immediately for *Brittaine*,
 Unto the king of *Cornwall's* court, whereas
 Your father keepeth now his residence,
 And in the kindest maner him intreat,
 That, setting former grievances apart,
 He will be pleasde to come and visit us.
 If no intreaty will suffice the turne,
 Ile offer him the halfe of all my crowne:
 If that moves not, wee le furnish out a fleet,
 And saile to *Cornwall* for to visit him;
 And there you shall be firmly reconcilde
 In perfit love, as earst you were before.

Cordella.

Where tounge cannot sufficient thanks afford,
 The king of heaven remunerate my lord.

King.

Only be blithe, and frolick (sweet) with me:
 This and much more Ile do to comfort thee.

Enter Messenger solus.

Messenger.

It is a world to see now I am flush,
 How many friends I purchase every where!

How

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How many seekes to creepe into my favour,
And kisse their hands, and bend their knees to me!
No more, here comes the queene, now shall I know her mind,
And hope for to derive more crownes from her.

Enter Ragan.

Ragan.

My friend, I see thou mind'st thy promise well,
And art before me here, me thinks, to day.

Messenger.

I am a poore man, and it like your grace;
But yet I alwayes love to keepe my word.

Ragan.

Wel, keepe thy word with me, and thou shalt see,
That of a poore man I will make thee rich.

Messenger.

I long to heare it, it might have bin dispatcht,
If you had told me of it yesternight.

Ragan.

It is a thing of right strange consequence,
And well I cannot utter it in words.

Messenger.

It is more strange, that I am not by this
Beside myselfe, with longing for to heare it.
Were it to meet the devil in his denne,
And try a bout with him for a scratcht face,
Ide undertake it, if you would but bid me.

Ragan.

Ah, good my friend, that I should have thee do
Is such a thing, as I do shame to speake;
Yet it must needs be done.

Messenger.

Ile speake it for thee, queene: shall I kill thy father?
I know 'tis that; and if it be so, say.

Ragan.

I.

Messenger.

Why, that's ynough.

Ragan.

And yet that is not all.

Messenger.

Messenger.

What else?

Ragan.

Thou must kill that old man that came with him.

Messenger.

Here are two hands, for eche of them is one.

Ragan.

And for eche hand here is a recompence.

[Gives him two purses.]

Messenger.

Oh, that I had ten hands by miracle!
I could teare ten in pieces with my teeth,
So in my mouth yould put a purse of gold.
But in what manner must it be effected?

Ragan.

To morrow morning ere the breake of day,
I by a wyle will send them to the thicket,
That is about some two miles from the court,
And promise them to meet them there myselfe,
Because I must have private conference,
About some news I have receiv'd from *Cornwall*.
This is ynough, I know, they will not faile,
And then be ready for to play thy part:
Which done, thou mayst right easily escape,
And no man once mistrust thee for the fact:
But yet, before thou prosecute the act,
Shew him the letter, which my sister sent,
There let him read his owne inditement first,
And then proceed to execution:
But see thou faint not; for they will speake faire.

Messenger.

Could he speak words as pleasing as the pipe
Of *Mercury*, which charm'd the hundred eyes
Of watchful *Argos*, and inforc'd him sleepe:
Yet here are words so pleasing to my thoughts,
As quite shall take away the sound of his. *[To the purse.]*
[Exit.]

Ragan.

About it then, and when thou hast dispatcht,
He find a meanes to send thee after him.

[Exit.]

Enter

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Enter Cornwall and Gonorill.

Cornwall.

I wonder that the messenger doth stay,
Whom we dispatcht for *Cambria* so long since :
If that his answere do not please us well,
And he do shew good reason for delay,
Ile teach him how to dally with his king,
And to detaine us in such long suspence.

Gonorill.

My lord, I thinke the reason may be this :
My father meanes to come along with him ;
And therefore 'tis his pleasure he shall stay,
For to attend upon him on the way.

Cornwall.

It may be so, and therefore till I know
The truth thereof, I will suspend my judgement.

Enter Servant.

Servant.

And't like your grace, there is an ambassador
Arrived from *Gallia*, and craves admittance to your majesty.

Cornwall

From *Gallia* ? what should his message
Hither import ? is not your father happely
Gone thither ? well, whatsoere it be,
Bid him come in, he shall have audience.

Enter Ambassador.

What newes from *Gallia* ? speake, ambassador.

Ambassador.

The noble king and queene of *Gallia* first salutes,
By me, their honourable father, my lord *Leir* :
Next, they commend them kindly to your graces,
As those whose wellfare they intirely wish.
Letters I have to deliver to my lord *Leir*,
And presents too, if I might speake with him.

Gonorill.

If you might speak with him ? why, do you thinke,
We are afraid that you should speake with him ?

Ambassador.

Ambassador.

Pardon me, madam ; for I thinke not so,
But say so only, 'cause he is not here.

Cornwall.

Indeed, my friend, upon some urgent cause,
He is at this time absent from the court :
But if a day or two you here repose,
'Tis very likely you shall have him here,
Or else have certaine notice where he is.

Gonorill.

Are not we worthy to receive your message ?

Ambassador.

I had in charge to do it to himselve.

Gonorill.

It may be then 'twill not be done in haste.
How doth my sister brooke the aire of *Fraunce* ?

[*To herselfe.*]

Ambassador.

Exceeding well, and never sicke one houre,
Since first she set her foot upon the shore.

Gonorill.

I am the more sorry.

Ambassador.

I hope not so, madam.

Gonorill.

Didst thou not say, that she was ever sicke,
Since the first houre that she arrived there ?

Ambassador.

No, madam, I said quite contrary.

Gonorill.

Then I mistooke thee.

Cornwall.

Then she is merry, if she have her health.

Ambassador.

Oh no, her grieve exceeds, until the time
That she be reconcil'd unto her father.

Gonorill.

God continue it.

Ambassador.

What, madam ?

Gonorill.

Gonorill.

Why, her health.

Ambassador.

Amen to that: but God release her griefe,
 And fend her father in a better mind,
 Then to continue alwayes so unkind.

Cornwall.

Ile be a mediator in her cause,
 And seeke all meanes to expiat his wrath.

Ambassador.

Madam, I hope your grace will do the like.

Gonorill.

Should I be a meane to exasperate his wrath
 Against my sifter, whom I love so deare? no, no.

Ambassador.

To expiate or mittigate his wrath:
 For he hath misconceived without a cause.

Gonorill.

O, I, what else?

Ambassador.

'Tis pity it should be so; would it were otherwise.

Gonorill.

It were great pity it should be otherwise.

Ambassador.

Then how, madam?

Gonorill.

Then that they should be reconcilde againe.

Ambassador.

It shewes you beare an honourable mind.

Gonorill.

It shewes thy understanding to be blind,
 And that thou hadst need of an interpreter:

[Speakes to herselfe.]

Well, I will know thy message ere't be long,
 And find a meane to crosse it, if I can.

Cornwall.

Come in, my friend, and frolick in our court,
 Till certaine notice of my father come.

[Exeunt.]

AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS. 425

Enter Leir and Perillus.

Perillus.

My lord, you are up to day before your houre,
'Tis newes to you to be abroad so rathe.

Leir.

'Tis newes indeed, I am so extreme heavy,
That I can scarcely keepe my eye-lids open.

Perillus.

And so am I, but I impute the cause
To rising sooner then we use to do.

Leir.

Hither my daughter meanes to come disguis'd :
Ile sit me downe, and read until she come.

[Pulls out a booke, and sits downe.]

Perillus.

Sheele not be long, I warrant you, my lord :
But say, a-couple of these they call good fellowes
Should step out of a hedge, and set upon us,
We were in good case for to answere them.

Leir.

'Twere not for us to stand upon our hands.

Perillus.

I feare, we scant should stand upon our legs.
But how should we do to defend ourselves ?

Leir.

Even pray to God, to blesse us from their hands :
For fervent prayer much ill hap withstands.

Perillus.

Ile sit and pray with you for company ;
Yet was I ne're so heavy in my life, *[They fall both asleepe.]*

Enter the Messenger, or murtherer, with two daggers in his hands.

Messenger.

Were it not a mad jest, if two or three of my profession
should meet me, and lay me downe in a ditch, and play robbe
thiefe with me, and perforce take my gold away from me,
whilest I act this stratagem, and by this meanes the gray beards
should escape ? Faith, when I were at liberty againe, I would

E e

make

make no more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang
myselfe. *[Sees them, and starts.]*

But stay, me thinks, my youthes are here already,
And with pure zeale have prayed themselves asleepe.
I thinke, they know to what intent they came,
And are provided for another world.

[He takes their bookes away.]

Now could I stab them bravely, while they sleepe,
And in a maner put them to no paine;
And doing so, I shewed them mighty friendship:
For feare of death is worse then death it selfe.
But that my sweet queene will'd me for to shew
This letter to them, ere I did the deed.
Masse, they begin to stirre: Ile stand aside;
So shall I come upon them unawares. *[They wake and rise.]*

Leir.

I marvel, that my daughter stays so long.

Perillus.

I feare, we did mistake the place, my lord.

Leir.

God graunt we do not miscarry in the place:
I had a short nap, but so full of dread,
As much amazeth me to think thereof.

Perillus.

Feare not, my lord, dreames are but fantasies,
And slight imaginations of the braine.

Messenger.

Perfwade him so, but Ile make him and you
Confesse, that dreames do often prove too true.

Perillus.

I pray, my lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go neere to gesse what it pretends.

Messenger.

Leave that to me, I will expound the dreame.

Leir.

Me thought, my daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Stood both before me with such grim aspects,
Eche brandishing a faulchion in their hand,
Ready to lop a lymme off where it fell,
And in their other hands a naked poinyard,

Wherewith

Wherewith they stabb'd me in a hundred places,
 And to their thinking left me there for dead :
 But then my youngest daughter, fair *Cordella*,
 Came with a boxe of balsome in her hand,
 And powred it into my bleeding wounds ;
 By whose good means I was recovered well,
 In perfit health, as earst I was before :
 And with the feare of this I did awake,
 And yet for feare my feeble joints do quake.

Messenger.

He make you quake for something presently.
 Stand, stand.

[*They reele.*

Leir.

We do, my friend, although with much ado.

Messenger.

Deliver, deliver.

Perillus.

Deliver us, good Lord, from such as he.

Messenger.

You should have prayed before, while it was time,
 And then perhaps, you might have scapt my hands :
 But you, like faithful watch-men, fell asleepe,
 The whilst I came and tooke your halberds from you.

[*Shews their bookes.*

And now you want your weapons of defence,
 How have you any hope to be delivered ?
 This comes, because you have no better stay,
 But fall asleepe, when you should watch and pray.

Leir.

My friend, thou seemst to be a proper man.

Messenger.

'Sblood, how the old slave clawes me by the elbow ?
 He thinks, belike, to scape by scraping thus.

Perillus.

And it may be, are in some need of money.

Messenger.

That to be false, behold my evidence. [*Shewes his purses.*

Leir.

If that I have will do thee any good,
 I give it thee, even with a right good will.

[*Takes it.*
Perillus.

Perillus.

Here, take mine too, and wish with all my heart,
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.

[*Takes his, and weighs them both in his bands.*

Messenger.

Ile none of them, they are too light for me.

[*Puts them in his pocket.*

Leir.

Why then farewell: and if thou have occasion
In any thing, to use me to the queene,
'Tis like ynough that I can pleasure thee. [*They proffer to goe.*

Messenger.

Do you heare, do you heare, sir?
If I had occasion to use you to the queene,
Would you do one thing for me I should aske?

Leir.

I, any thing that lies within my power.
Here is my hand upon it, so farewell. [*Proffer to goe.*

Messenger.

Heare you, sir, heare you? pray, a word with you.
Me thinks, a comely honest ancient man
Should not dissemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I shall come to try this geare,
You will recant from all that you have said.

Perillus.

Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt:
He is her father, therefore may do much.

Messenger.

I know he is, and therefore meane to try him:
You are his friend too, I must try you both.

Ambo.

Prithy do, prithy do. [*Proffer to go out.*

Messenger.

Stay grey-beards then, and prove men of your words:
The queene hath tied me by a solemne othe,
Here in this place to see you both dispatcht:
Now for the safegard of my conscience,
Do me the pleasure for to kill yourselves:
So shall you save me labour for to do it,
And prove yourselves true old men of your words.

And here I vow in sight of all the world,
I ne're will trouble you whilst I live againe.

Leir.

Affright us not with terror, good my friend,
Nor strike such feare into our aged hearts.
Play not the cat, which dallieth with the mouse;
And on a sudden maketh her a prey:
But if thou art markt for the man of death
To me and to my *Damion*, tell me plaine,
That we may be prepared for the stroke,
And make ourselves fit for the world to come.

Messenger.

I am the last of any mortal race,
That ere your eyes are likely to behold,
And hither sent of purpose to this place,
To give a final period to your dayes,
Which are so wicked, and have lived so long,
That your owne children seeke to short your life.

Leir.

Camst thou from *France*, of purpose to do this?

Messenger.

From *France*? zoones, do I looke like a *Frenchman*?
Sure I have not mine owne face on; some body hath chang'd
faces with me, and I know not of it: but I am sure, my apparel
is all *English*. Sirrah, what meanest thou to aske that question?
I could spoile the fashion of this face for anger. A *French*
face!

Leir.

Because my daughter, whom I have offended,
And at whose hands I have deserv'd as ill,
As ever any father did of child,
Is queene of *Fraunce*, no thanks at all to me,
But unto God, who my injustice see.
If it be so, that shee doth seeke revenge,
As with good reason she may justly do,
I will most willingly resigne my life,
A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:
I never will intreat thee to forgive,
Because I am unworthy for to live.

E e 3

Therefore

Therefore speake soone, and I will soone make speed ;
Whether *Cordella* will'd thee do this deed ?

Messenger.

As I am a perfit gentleman, thou speakst *French* to me :
I never heard *Cordellae's* name before,
Nor never was in *Fraunce* in all my life :
I never knew thou hadst a daughter there,
To whom thou didst prove so unkind a churle :
But thy owne tounge declares that thou hast bin
A vile old wretch, and full of heinous sin.

Leir.

Ah, no, my friend, thou art deceived much :
For her except, whom I confesse I wrongd,
Through doting frenzy, and o're-jelous love,
There lives not any under heavens bright eye,
That can convict me of impiety :
And therefore sure thou dost mistake the marke :
For I am in true peace with all the world.

Messenger.

You are the fitter for the King of heaven :
And therefore, for to rid thee of suspence,
Know thou, the queenes of *Cambria* and *Cornwall*,
Thy owne two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Appointed me to massacre thee here.
Why wouldst thou then perswade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world? but now
When thy owne issue hold thee in such hate,
That they have hired me t'abbridge thy fate,
Oh, sy upon such vile dissembling breath,
That would deceive, even at the point of death,

Perillus.

Am I awake, or is it but a dreame?

Messenger.

Feare nothing, man, thou art but in a dreame,
And thou shalt never wake until doomefday ;
By then, I hope, thou wilt have slept ynough.

Leir.

Yet, gentle friend, graunt one thing ere I die,

Messenger.

Ile graunt you any thing, except your lives.

Leir.

Leir.

Oh, but assure me by some certaine token,
That my two daughters hired thee to this deed :
If I were once resolv'd of that, then I
Would wish no longer life, but crave to die.

Messenger.

That to be true, in sight of heaven I sweare.

Leir.

Sweare not by heaven, for feare of punishment :
The heavens are guiltlesse of such hainous acts.

Messenger.

I sweare by earth, the mother of us all.

Leir.

Sweare not by earth : for she abhors to beare
Such bastards, as are murderers of her sonnes.

Messenger.

Why then, by hell, and all the devils I sweare.

Leir.

Sweare not by hell ; for that stands gaping wide,
To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Messenger.

I would that word were in his belly againe,
It hath frighted me even to the very heart ;
This old man is some strong magician :
His words have turnd my mind from this exploit.
Then neither heaven, earth, nor hell, be witnesse ;
But let this paper witnesse for them all.

[*Shewes Gonorill's letter.*

Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute ?
Shall I resolve, or were I best recant ?
I will not crack my credit with two queenes,
To whom I have already past my word.
Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,
I get heaven's hate, earth's scorne, and paines of hell.

[*They bleesse themselves.*

Perillus.

Oh just *Jehova*, whose almighty power
Doth governe all things in this spacious world,

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How canst thou suffer such outrageous acts
To be committed without just revenge?
O viperous generation and accurst,
To seeke his blood, whose blood did make them first!

Leir.

Ah, my true friend in all extremity,
Let us submit us to the will of God:
Things past all sence, let us not seeke to know;
It is God's will, and therefore must be so.
My friend, I am prepared for the stroke:
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgive thee here,
Even from the very bottome of my heart.

Messenger.

But I am not prepared for to strike.

Leir.

Farewel, *Perillus*, even the truest friend,
That ever lived in adversity:
The latest kindnesse Ile request of thee,
Is that thou go unto my daughter *Cordella*,
And carry her her father's latest blessing:
Withal desire her, that she will forgive me;
For I have wrong'd her without any cause.
Now, Lord, receive me, for I come to thee,
And die, I hope, in perfit charity.
Dispatch, I pray thee, I have lived too long.

Messenger.

I, but you are unwise, to send an errand
By him that never meaneth to deliver it:
Why, he must go along with you to heaven:
It were not good you should go all alone.

Leir.

No doubt, he shal, when by the course of nature,
He must surrender up his due to death:
But that time shail not come till God permit.

Messenger.

Nay, presently, to beare you company.
I have a passport for him in my pocket,
Already seal'd, and he must needs ride poste.

[*Shews a bagge of money.*

Leir.

Leir.

The letter which I read, imports not so,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.

Messenger.

I, but the queene commaunds it must be so,
And I am paid for him, as well as you.

Perillus.

I, who have borne you company in life,
Most willingly will beare a share in death.
It skilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred such as thou and I.

Messenger.

Mary, but it doth, fir, by your leave ; your good dayes are
past : though it bee no matter for you, 'tis a matter for me,
proper men are not so rife.

Perillus.

Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand
Upon the high anointed of the Lord :
O, be advised ere thou dost begin :
Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him,

Leir.

Friend, thy commission is to deale with me,
And I am he that hath deserved all :
The plot was laid to take away my life :
And here it is, I do intreat thee take it :
Yet for my sake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came :
I brought him forth, whereas he had not bin,
But for good will to beare me company.
He left his friends, his country, and his goods,
And came with me in most extremity.
Oh, if he should miscarry here and die,
Who is the cause of it, but only I ?

Messenger.

Why that am I, let that ne're trouble thee.

Leir.

O no, 'tis I. O, had I now to give thee
The monarchy of all the spacious world
To save his life, I would bestow it on thee :

But

But I have nothing but these teares and prayers,
And the submission of a bended knee.

[*Kneels.*]

O, if all this to mercy move thy mind,
Spare him, in heaven thou shalt like mercy find.

Messenger.

I am as hard to be moved as another, and yet me thinks the
strength of their perswasions stirres me a little.

Perillus.

My friend, if feare of the almighty power
Have power to move thee, we have said ynough :
But if thy mind be moveable with gold,
We have not presently to give it thee :
Yet to thyselfe thou mayst do greater good,
To keepe thy hands still undefilde from blood :
For do but well consider with thyselfe,
When thou hast finisht this outrageous act,
What horroure still will haunt thee for the deed :
Think this againe, that they which would incense
Thee for to be the butcher of their father,
When it is done, for feare it should be knowne,
Would make a meanes to rid thee from the world :
Oh, then art thou for ever tied in chaines
Of everlasting torments to indure,
Even in the hottest hole of grisly hell,
Such paines, as never mortal young can tell.

[*It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the dagger next to*
Perillus.

Leir.

O, heavens be thanked, he will spare my friend.
Now, when thou wilt, come make an end of me.

[*He lets fall the other dagger,*

Perillus.

Oh, happy sight ! he meanes to save my lord.
The king of heaven continue this good mind.

Leir.

Why stayst thou to do execution ?

Messenger.

I am as wilful as you for your life :
I will not do it, now you do intreat me.

Perillus.

Perillus.

Ah, now I see thou hast some sparke of grace.

Messenger.

Beshrew you for it, you have put it in me :
The parlorest old men, that ere I heard.
Well, to be flat, Ile not meddle with you :
Here I found you, and here Ile leave you :
If any aske you why the case so stand ?
Say that your tounge were better then your hands.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Perillus.

Farewel. If ever we together meet,
It shall go hard, but I will thee regret.
Courage, my lord, the worst is overpast ;
Let us give thanks to God, and hie us hence.

Leir.

Thou art deceived ; for I am past the best,
And know not whither for to go from hence :
Death had bin better welcome unto me,
Then longer life to adde more misery.

Perillus.

It were not good to returne from whence we came,
Unto your daughter *Ragan* back againe.
Now let us go to *France*, unto *Cordella*,
Your youngest daughter, doubtlesse she will succour you.

Leir.

Oh, how can I perswade myselfe of that,
Since the other two are quite devoy'd of love ;
To whom I was so kind, as that my gifts,
Might make them love me, if 'twere nothing else ?

Perillus.

No worldly gifts, but grace from God on hie,
Doth nourish vertue and true charity.
Remember well what words *Cordella* spake,
What time you askt her, how she lov'd your grace.
She said, her love unto you was as much,
As ought a child to beare unto her father.

Leir.

But she did find, my love was not to her,
As should a father beare unto a child.

Perillus.

That makes not her love to be any lesse,
 If she do love you as a child should do :
 You have tried two, try one more for my sake,
 Ile ne're intreat you further trial make.
 Remember well the dreame you had of late,
 And thinke what comfort it foretels to us.

Leir.

Come, truest friend, that ever man possesse,
 I know thou counsaillst all things for the best :
 If this third daughter play a kinder part,
 It comes of God, and not of my desert.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter the Gallian Ambassador solus.**Ambassador.*

There is of late newes come unto the court,
 That old lord *Leir* remaines in *Cambria* :
 Ile hie me thither presently, to impart
 My letters and my message unto him.
 I never was lesse welcome to a place
 In all my life-time, then I have bin hither,
 Especially unto the stately queene,
 Who would not cast one gracious looke on me,
 But still with lowring and suspicious eyes,
 Would take exceptions at each word I spake,
 And faine she would have undermined me,
 To know what my ambassage did import.
 But she is like to hop without her hope,
 And in this matter for to want her will,
 Though (by report) sheele hav't in all things else.
 Well, I will passe away for *Cambria* :
 Within these few dayes I hope to be there.

[*Exit.*]*Enter the king and queene of Gallia, and Mumford.**King.*

By this, our father understands our mind,
 And our kind greetings sent to him of late :

Therefore

Therefore my mind presageth ere't be long,
We shall receive from *Brittayne* happy newes.

Cordella.

I feare my sister will dissuade his mind ;
For she to me hath alwayes bin unkind.

King.

Feare not, my love, since that we know the worst,
The last meanes helps, if that we misse the first :
If hee'le not come to *Gallia* unto us,
Then we will faile to *Brittayne* unto him.

Mumford.

Well, if I once see *Brittayne* againe,
I have sworne, Ile ne're come home without my wench,
And Ile not be forsworne,
Ile rather never come home while I live.

Cordella.

Are you sure, *Mumford*, she is a maid still ?

Mumford.

Nay, Ile not sweare she is a maid, but she goes for one :
Ile take her at all adventures, if I can get her.

Cordella.

I, that's well put in.

Mumford.

Well put in ? nay, it was ill put in ; for had it
Bin as well put in, as ere I put in, in my dayes,
I would have made her follow me to *Fraunce*.

Cordella.

Nay, you'd have bin so kind, as take her with you,
Or else, were I as she,
I would have bin so loving, as Ide stay behind you :
Yet I must confesse, you are a very proper man,
And able to make a wench do more then she would do.

Mumford.

Well, I have a payre of flops for the nonce,
Will hold all your mocks.

King.

Nay, we see you have a handsome hose.

Cordella.

I, and of the newest fashion.

Mumford.

Mumford.

More bobs, more : put them in still,
 They'l serue instead of bumbast, yet put not in too many, lest
 the seames crack, and they fly out amongst you againe : you
 must not think to outface me so easly in my mistris quarrel,
 who if I see once againe, ten teame of hories shall not draw
 me away, till I have full and whole possession.

King.

I, but one teame and a cart will serue the turne.

Cordella.

Not only for him, but also for his wench.

Mumford.

Well, you are two to one, Ile give you over :
 And since I see you so pleasantly disposed,
 Which indeed is but seldome seene, Ile claime
 A promise of you, which you shall not deny me :
 For promise is debt, and by this hand you promised it me.
 Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me,
 Or Ile sue you upon an action of unkindnesse.

King.

Prithy, lord *Mumford*, what promise did I make thee ?

Mumford.

Faith, nothing but this,
 That the next faire weather, which is very now,
 You would go in progresse downe to the sea side,
 Which is very neere.

King.

Faith, in this motion I will join with thee,
 And be a mediator to my queene.
 Prithy, my love, let this match go forward,
 My mind foretels, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

Cordella.

Entreaty needs not, where you may commaund,
 So you be pleasde, I am right well content :
 Yet, as the sea I much desire to see ;
 So am I most unwilling to be seene.

King.

Weele go disguised, all unknowne to any.

Cordella.

Howsoever you make one, Ile make another.

Mumford.

Mumford.

And I the third : oh, I am over-joyed !
See what love is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world besides could ne're obtaine :
But what disguises shall we have, my lord ?

King.

Faith thus : my queene and I will be disguise,
Like a plaine country couple, and you shall be *Roger*
Our man, and wait upon us : or if you will,
You shall go first, and we will wait on you.

Mumford.

'Twere more then time ; this device is excellent :
Come let us about it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cambria and Ragan, with nobles.

Cambria.

What strange mischance or unexpected hap
Hath thus depriv'd us of our father's presence ?
Can no man tell us what's become of him,
With whom we did converse not two dayes since ?
My lords, let every where light horse be sent,
To scoure about through all our regiment.
Dispatch a poste immediately to *Cornwall*,
To see if any newes be of him there ;
Myselfe will make a strict inquiry here,
And all about our cities neere at hand,
Till certaine newes of his abode be brought.

Ragan.

All sorrow is but counterfet to mine,
Whose lips are almost sealed up with grieve :
Mine is the substance, whilst they do but seeme
To weepe the lesse, which teares cannot redeeme.
O, ne're was heard so strange a misadventure,
A thing so far beyond the reach of sence,
Since no man's reason in the cause can enter.
What hath remov'd my father thus from hence ?
O, I do feare some charme or invocation
Of wicked spirits, or infernal fiends,
Stir'd by *Cordella*, moves this innovation,
And brings my father timelesse to his end.

But

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But might I know, that the detested witch
Were certain cause of this uncertaine ill,
Myselfe to *Fraunce* would go in some disguise,
And with these nailes scratch out her hateful eyes:
For since I am deprived of my father,
I loath my life, and wish my death the rather.

Cambria.

The heavens are just, and hate impiety,
And will (no doubt) reveale such hainous crimes:
Censure not any, till you know the right:
Let him be judge, that bringeth truth to light.

Ragan.

O, but my griefe, like to a swelling tide,
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:
Nor can I moderate my tounge so much,
To conceale them, whom I hold in suspect.

Cambria.

This matter shall be sifted: if it be she,
A thousand *Fraunces* shall not harbour her.

Enter the Gallian Ambassador.

Ambassador.

All happineffe unto the *Cambrian* king.

Cambria.

Welcom, my friend, from whence is thy ambassage?

Ambassador.

I came from *Gallia*, unto *Cornwall* sent,
With letters to your honourable father,
Whom there not finding, as I did expect,
I was directed hither to repaire.

Ragan.

Frenchman, what is thy message to my father?

Ambassador.

My letters, madam, will import the same,
Which my commission is for to deliver.

Ragan.

In his absence you may trust us with your letters.

Ambassador.

I must performe my charge in such a manner,
As I have strict commaundment from the king.

Ragan.

Ragan.

There is good packing twixt your king and you ;
You need not hither come to aske for him,
You know where he is better then ourselves

Ambassador.

Madam, I hope, not far off.

Ragan.

Hath the young murtheresse, your outrageous queene,
No meanes to colour her detested deeds,
In finishing my guiltlesse fathers dayes,
(Because he gave her nothing to her dowre)
But by the colour of a fain'd ambassage,
To send him letters hither to our court ?
Go carry them to them that sent them hither,
And bid them keepe their scroules unto themselves :
They cannot blind us with such slight excuse,
To smother up so monstrous vild abuse.
And were it not, it is 'gainst law of armes,
To offer violence to a messenger,
We would inflict such torments on thyselfe,
As should inforce thee to reveale the truth.

Ambassador.

Madam, your threats no whit apall my mind,
I know my conscience guiltlesse of this act ;
My king and queene, I dare be sworne, are free
From any thought of such impiety :
And therefore, madam, you have done them wrong,
And ill beseeming with a sisters love,
Who in meere duty tender him as much,
As ever you respected him for dowre.
The king your husband will not say as much.

Cambria.

I will suspend my judgement for a time,
Till more appearance give us further light :
Yet to be plaine, your comming doth inforce
A great suspicion to our doubtful mind,
And that you do resemble, to be brieve,
Him that first robs, and then cries, stop the theefe.

Ambassador.

Pray God some neere you have not done the like.

F f

Ragan.

Ragan.

Hence, faucy mate, reply no more to us ; [*She strikes him.*
For law of armes shall not protect thy tounge.

Ambassador.

Ne're was I offred such discourtesy ;
God and my king, I trust, ere it be long,
Will find a meane to remedy this wrong. [*Exit Ambassador.*

Ragan.

How shall I live, to suffer this disgrace,
At every base and vulgar peasants hands ?
It ill befitteth my imperial state,
To be thus usde, and no man take my part. [*She weeps.*

Cambria.

What should I do ? infringe the law of armes,
Were to my everlasting obloquy :
But I will take revenge upon his master,
Which sent him hither, to delude us thus.

Ragan.

Nay, if you put up this, be sure, ere long,
Now that my father thus is made away ;
Sheele come and claime a third part of your crowne,
As due unto her by inheritance.

Cambria.

But I will prove her title to be nought
But shame, and the reward of parricide ;
And make her an example to the world,
For after-ages to admire her penance.
This will I do, as I am *Cambriaes* king,
Or lose my life, to prosecute revenge.
Come, first let's learne what newes is of our father,
And then proceed, as best occasion fits. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir, Perillus, and two mariners in sea-gownes and sea-caps.

Perillus.

My honest friends, we are asham'd to shew
The great extremity of our present state.
In that at this time we are brought so low,
That we want money for to pay our passage.

The

The truth is so, we met with some good fellows,
A little before we came aboard your ship,
Which stript us quite of all the coine we had,
And left us not a penny in our purses :
Yet wanting mony, we will use the meane,
To see you satisfied to the uttermost. [*Lookes on Leir.*

First Mariner.

Here's a good gown, 'twould become me passing wel,
I should be fine in it. [*Lookes on Perillus.*

Second Mariner.

Here's a good cloke, I marvel how I should look in it.

Leir.

Faith, had we others to supply their roome,
Though ne're so meane, you willingly should have them.

First Mariner.

Do you heare, sir? you looke like an honest man;
He not stand to do you a pleasure : here's a good strong motly
gaberdine, cost me xiiij. good shillings at *Billingsgate*, give me
your gowne for it, and your cap for mine, and he forgive
your passage.

Leir.

With al my heart, and xx. thanks. [*Leir and he changeth.*

Second Mariner.

Do you heare, sir? you shall have a better match then he,
because you are my friend : here is a good sheep's russet sea-
gowne, will bide more stresse, I warrant you, then two of his ;
yes, for you seem to be an honest gentleman, I am content to
change it for your cloke, and aske you nothing for your pas-
sage more. [*Pulls off Perillus's cloke.*

Perillus.

My owne I willingly would change with thee,
And think myselfe indebted to thy kindnesse :
But would my friend might keepe his garment still.
My friend, he give thee this new dublet, if thou wilt
Restore his gowne unto him back againe.

First Mariner.

Nay, if I do, would I might ne're eate powderd beefe and
mustard more, nor drink can of good liquor whilst I live.
My friend, you have small reason to seeke to hinder me of my
bargaine : but the best is, a bargaine's a bargaine.

F f 2

Leir.

Leir.

Kind friend, it is much better as it is. [Leir to Perillus.
 For by this meanes we may escape unknowne,
 Till time and opportunity do fir.

Second Mariner.

Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together,
 Theile repent them of their bargaine anon,
 'Twere best for us to go while we are well.

First Mariner.

God be with you, fir, for your passage back againe,
 Ile use you as unreasonable as another.

Leir.

I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready money
 With us, when we come back againe. [Exeunt mariners.
 Were ever men in this extremity,
 In a strange country, and devoyed of friends,
 And not a penny for to helpe ourselves?
 Kind friend, what thinkst thou will become of us?

Perillus.

Be of good cheere, my lord, I have a dublet
 Will yeeld us mony ynough to serve our turnes,
 Until we come unto your daughter's court:
 And then, I hope, we shall find friends ynough.

Leir.

Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I feare,
 And makes me faint, or ever I come there.
 Can kindnesse spring out of ingratitude?
 Or love be reapt, where hatred hath bin sowne?
 Can henbane joine in league with Methridate?
 Or sugar grow in wormwoods bitter stalke?
 It cannot be, they are too opposite:
 And so am I to any kindnesse here.
 I have throwne wormwood on the fugged youth,
 And like to henbane poisoned the fount,
 Whence flowed the Methridate of a child's good wil.
 I, like an envious thorne, have prickt the heart,
 And turnd sweet grapes, to sowre unrelisht flocs:
 The causelesse ire of my respectlesse brest,
 Hath sowrd the sweet milk of dame natures paps:

My

My bitter words have gauld her hony thoughts,
 And weeds of rancour chokt the flower of grace.
 Then what remainder is of any hope,
 But all our fortunes will go quite alope?

Perillus.

Feare not, my lord, the perfit good indeed
 Can never be corrupted by the bad :
 A new fresh vessel still retains the taste
 Of that which first is powr'd into the same :
 And therfore, though you name yoursele the thorn,
 The weed, the gall, the henbane, and the wormewood ;
 Yet sheele continue in her former state,
 The hony, milke, grape, fugar, Methridate.

Leir.

Thou pleasing orator unto me in wo,
 Cease to beguile me with thy hopeful speaches :
 O joine with me, and thinke of nought but crosses,
 And then weelee one lament anothers losses.

Perillus.

Why, say the worst, the worst can be but death,
 And death is better then for to despaire :
 Then hazzard death, which may convert to life ;
 Banish despaire, which brings a thousand deathes.

Leir.

Orecome with thy strong arguments, I yeeld
 To be directed by thee, as thou wilt :
 As thou yeeldst comfort to my crazed thoughts,
 Would I could yeeld the like unto thy body,
 Which is full weake, I know, and ill apaid,
 For want of fresh meat and due sustenance.

Perillus.

Alack, my lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
 That you should be in such extremity.

Leir.

Come, let us go, and see what God will send ;
 When all meanes faile, he is the surest friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Gallian king and queene, and Mumford with a basket, disguised like countrey folke.

King.

This tedious journey all on foot, sweet love,
Cannot be pleasing to your tender joints,
Which ne're were used to these toilesome walks.

Cordella.

I never in my life tooke more delight
In any journey, then I do in this :
It did me good, when as we hapt to light
Amongst the merry crue of countrey folke,
To see what industry and paines they tooke,
To win them commendations 'mongst their friends,
Lord, how they labour to bestir themselves,
And in their quirks to go beyond the moone,
And so take on them with such antike fits,
That one would think they were beside their wits !
Come away, *Roger*, with your basket.

Mumford.

Soft, dame, here comes a couple of old youthes,
I must needs make myselfe fat with jesting at them.

Enter Leir and Perillus very faintly.

Cordella.

Nay, prithy do not, they do seeme to be
Men much o'regone with grieffe and misery.
Let's stand aside, and harken what they say.

Leir.

Ah, my *Perillus*, now I see we both
Shall end our dayes in this unfruitful soile,
Oh, I do faint for want of sustenance:
And thou, I know, in little better case.
No gentle tree affords one taste of fruit,
To comfort us, until we meet with men:
No lucky path conducts our lucklesse steps
Unto a place where any comfort dwels.
Sweet rest betide unto our happy soules ;
For here I see our bodies must have end.

Perillus.

Perillus.

Ah, my deare lord, how doth my heart lament,
To see you brought to this extremity!
O, if you love me, as you do professe,
Or ever thought well of me in my life; [*He strips up his arme.*
Feed on this flesh, whose veines are not so dry,
But there is vertue left to comfort you.
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
Ile smile for joy, to see you suck my blood.

Leir.

I am no Caniball, that I should delight
To flake my hungry jawes with humane flesh:
I am no devil, or ten times worse then so,
To suck the blood of such a peerelesse friend.
O, do not think that I respect my life
So dearely, as I do thy loyal love.
Ah, *Brittayne*, I shall never see thee more,
That hast unkindly banished thy king:
And yet not thou dost make me to complaine,
But they which were more neere to me then thou.

Cordella.

What do I heare? this lamentable voice,
Me thinks, ere now I oftentimes have heard.

Leir.

Ah, *Gonorill*, was halfe my kingdome's gift
The cause that thou didst seeke to have my life?
Ah, cruel *Ragan*, did I give thee all,
And all could not suffice without my blood?
Ah, poore *Cordella*, did I give thee nought,
Nor never shall be able for to give?
O, let me warne all ages that insueth,
How they trust flattery, and reject the trueth.
Well, unkind girles, I here forgive you both,
Yet the just heavens will hardly do the like;
And onely crave forgiveness at the end
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend;
Of God, whose majesty I have offended,
By my transgression many thousand wayes:
Of her, deare heart, whom I for no occasion
Turn'd out of all, through flatterers perswasion:

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Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadit never come unto this place of wo.

Cordella.

Alack, that ever I should live to see
My noble father in this misery.

King,

Sweet love, reveale not what thou art as yet,
Until we know the ground of all this ill.

Cordella.

O, but some meat, some meat: do you not see,
How neere they are to death for want of food?

Perillus.

Lord, which didst help thy servants at their need,
Or now or never send us helpe with speed.
Oh comfort, comfort! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my lord: be of good cheare:
For I see comfort comming very neere.
O my lord, a banquet, and men and women!

Leir.

O, let kind pity mollify their hearts,
That they may helpe us in our great extreames.

Perillus.

God save you, friends; and if this blessed banquet
Affordeth any food or sustenance,
Even for his sake that saved us all from death,
Vouchsafe to save us from the gripe of famine.

[She bringeth him to the table.]

Cordella.

Here, father, sit and eat; here sit and drink:
And would it were far better for your sakes!

[Perillus takes Leir by the hand to the table.]

Perillus.

Ile give you thanks anon: my friend doth faint,
And needeth present comfort. *[Leir drinks.]*

Mumford.

I wariant, he ne're staves to say a grace:
O, there's no sauce to a good stomake.

Perillus.

The blessed God of heaven hath thought upon us.

Leir.

Leir.

The thanks be his, and these kind courteous folke,
By whose humanity we are preserved.

[*They eat hungerly; Leir drinks.*

Cordella,

And may that draught be unto him, as was
That which old *Eison* dranke, which did renewe
His withered age, and made him young againe.
And may that meat be unto him, as was
That which *Elias* ate, in strength whereof
He walked fourty dayes, and never fainted.
Shall I conceale me longer from my father?
Or shall I manifest myselfe to him?

King.

Forbeare a while, until his strength returne,
Lest being over-joyed with seeing thee,
His poore weake senses should forsake their office,
And so our cause of joy be turn'd to sorrow.

Perillus.

What chere, my lord? how do you feele yourselfe?

Leir.

Me thinks, I never ate such savory meat:
It is as pleasant as the blessed manna,
That rain'd from heaven amongst the *Israelites*:
It hath recall'd my spirits home againe,
And made me fresh, as erst I was before.
But how shall we congratulate their kindnesse?

Perillus.

Infaith, I know not how sufficiently;
But the best meane that I can think on, is this;
Ile offer them my dublet in requital;
For we have nothing else to spare.

Leir.

Nay, stay, *Perillus*, for they shall have mine.

Perillus.

Pardon, my lord, I sweare they shall have mine.

[*Perillus proffers his dublet: they will not take it.*

Leir.

Ah, who would think such kindnes should remaine
Among such strange and unacquainted men:

And

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And that such hate should harbour in the brest
Of those, which have occasion to be best ?

Cordella.

Ah, good old father, tell to me thy grieve,
Ile sorrow with thee, if not adde reliefe.

Leir.

Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so ;
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.

Cordella.

Do you not owe her still ? what, is she dead ?

Leir.

No, God forbid : but all my interest's gone,
By shewing my selfe too much unnatural :
So have I lost the title of a father,
And may be call'd a stranger to her rather.

Cordella.

Your title's good still : for tis alwayes knowne,
A man may do as him list with his owne.
But have you but one daughter then in all ?

Leir.

Yes, I have more by two, then would I had.

Cordella.

O, say not so, but rather see the end ;
They that are bad, may have the grace to mend :
But how have they offended you so much ?

Leir.

If from the first I should relate the cause,
'Twould make a heart of adamant to weepe ;
And thou, poore soule, kind-hearted as thou art,
Dost weepe already, ere I do begin.

Cordella.

For Gods love tell it ; and when you have done,
Ile tell the reason why I weepe so soone.

Leir.

Then know this first, I am a *Brittaine* borne,
And had three daughters by one loving wife :
And though I say it, of beauty they were sped ;
Especially the youngest of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be :
On these I doted with a jelous love,

And

And thought to try which of them lov'd me best,
 By asking them, which would do most for me?
 The first and second flattred me with words,
 And vowd they lov'd me better then their lives:
 The youngest said, she loved me as a child
 Might do: her answere I esteem'd most vild,
 And presently in an outrageous mood,
 I turnd her from me to go sinke or swim;
 And all I had, even to the very clothes,
 I gave in dowry with the other two:
 And she that best deserv'd the greatest share,
 I gave her nothing, but disgrace and care.
 Now mark the sequel: when I had done thus,
 I sojourn'd in my eldest daughters house,
 Where for a time I was intreated well,
 And liv'd in state sufficing my content:
 But every day her kindnesse did grow cold,
 Which I with patience put up well ynough,
 And seemed not to see the things I saw:
 But at the last she grew so far incens'd
 With moody fury, and with causlesse hate,
 That in most vild and contumelious termes,
 She bade me pack, and harbour somewhere else.
 Then was I faine for refuge to repaire
 Unto my other daughter for reliefe;
 Who gave me pleasing and most courteous words;
 But in her actions shewed her selfe so fore,
 As never any daughter did before:
 She prayd me in a morning out betime,
 To go to a thicket two miles from the court,
 Pointing that there she would come talke with me:
 There she had set a shag haired murdring wretch,
 To massacre my honest friend and me.
 Then judge your selfe, although my tale be brieve,
 If ever man had greater cause of grieve.

King.

Nor never like impiety was done,
 Since the creation of the world begun.

Leir.

Leir.

And now I am constrained to seeke reliefe
Of her, to whom I have bin so unkind;
Whose censure, if it do award me death,
I must confesse she payes me but my due:
But if she shew a loving daughters parr,
It comes of God and her, not my desert.

Cordella.

No doubt she will, I dare be sworne she will.

Leir.

How know you that, not knowing what she is?

Cordella.

Myselfe a father have a great way hence,
Ufde me as ill as ever you did her;
Yet, that his reverend age I once might see,
Ide creepe along, to meet him on my knee.

Leir.

O, no mens children are unkind but mine.

Cordella.

Condemne not all, because of others crime:
But looke, deare father, looke, behold and see
Thy loving daughter speaketh unto thee.

*[She kneeles.**Leir.*

O, stand thou up, it is my part to kneele,
And aske forgivenesse for my former faults.

*[He kneeles.**Cordella.*

O, if you wish I should injoy my breath,
Deare father rise, or I receive my death.

*[He riseth.**Leir.*

Then I will rise, to satisfy your mind,
But kneele againe, til pardon be resignd.

*[He kneeles.**Cordella.*

I pardon you: the word becomes not me:
But I do say so, for to ease your knee;
You gave me life, you were the cause that I
Am what I am, who else had never bin.

Leir.

But you gave life to me and to my friend,
Whose dayes had else had an untimely end.

Cordella.

Cordella.

You brought me up, when as I was but young,
And far unable for to helpe myselfe.

Leir.

I cast thee forth, when as thou wast but young,
And far unable for to helpe thyselfe.

Cordella.

God, world, and nature, say I do you wrong,
That can indure to see you kneele so long.

King.

Let me breake off this loving controversy,
Which doth rejoyce my very soule to see.
Good father, rise, she is your loving daughter,
And honours you with as respective duty,
As if you were the monarch of the world.

[*He riseth.*]

Cordella.

But I will never rise from off my knee,
Until I have your blessing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way,
From my first birth unto this present day.

[*She kneeles.*]

Leir.

The blessing, which the God of *Abraham* gave
Unto the tribe of *Juda*, light on thee,
And multiply thy dayes, that thou mayst see
Thy childrens children prosper after thee.
Thy fault, which are just none that I do know,
God pardon on high, and I forgive below.

[*She riseth.*]

Cordella.

Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leape
Within my brest, for joy of this good hap:
And now (deare father) welcome to our court,
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) unto me,
Mirrour of vertue and true honesty.

Leir.

O, he hath bin the kindest friend to me,
That ever man had in adversity.

Perillus.

My tounge doth faile, to say what heart doth think,
I am so ravisht with exceeding joy.

King.

King.

All you have spoke: now let me speak my mind,
 And in few words much matter here conclude: [*He kneeles.*
 If ere my heart do harbour any joy,
 Or true content repose within my brest,
 Till I have rooted out this viperous sect,
 And reposdest my father of his crowne,
 Let me be counted for the perjur'dst man,
 That ever spake word since the world began. [*Rises.*

Mumford.

Let me pray to, that never pray'd before ;
 [*Mumford kneeles.*

If ere I resalute the *Brittish* earth,
 (As ere't be long) I do presume I shall)
 And do returne from thence without my wench,
 Let me be gelded for my recompence. [*Rises.*

King.

Come, let's to armes for to redresse this wrong :
 Till I am there, me thinks the time seemes long. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ragan sola.**Ragan.*

x I feele a hell of conscience in my brest,
 Tormenting me with horreur for my fact,
 And makes me in an agony of doubt,
 For feare the world should find my dealing out.
 The slave whom I appointed for the act,
 I ne're set eye upon the peasant since:
 O, could I get him for to make him sure,
 My doubts would cease, and I should rest secure.
 But if the old men, with perswasive words,
 Have sav'd their lives, and made him to relent ;
 Then are they fled unto the court of *Fraunce*,
 And like a trumpet manifest my shame.
 A shame on these white-liverd slaves, say I,
 That with faire words so soone are overcome.
 O God, that I had bin but made a man ;
 Or that my strength were equal with my will !
 These foolish men are nothing but meere pity,

And

And melt as butter doth against the sun.
 Why should they have pre-eminence over us,
 Since we are creatures of more brave resolve?
 I sweare, I am quite out of charity
 With all the heartlesse men in *Christendome*.
 A poxe upon them, when they are affraid
 To give a stab, or slit a paltry wind-pipe,
 Which are so easy matters to be done.
 Well, had I thought the slave would serve me so,
 Myselfe would have bin executioner:
 Tis now undone, and if that it be knowne,
 Ile make as good shift as I can for one.
 He that repines at me, how ere it stands,
 'Twere best for him to keepe him from my hands. [Exit.

*Sound drums and trumpets: Enter the Gallian king, Leir,
 Mumford, and the army.*

King.

Thus have we brought our army to the sea,
 Whereas our ships are ready to receive us:
 The wind stands faire, and we in foure houres saile,
 May easily arrive on *Brittish* shore,
 Where unexpected we may them surprize,
 And gaine a glorious victory with ease.
 Wherefore, my loving countreymen, resolve,
 Since truth and justice fighteth on our sides,
 That we shall march with conquest where we go.
 Myself will be as forward as the first,
 And step by step march with the hardiest wight:
 And not the meanest souldier in our campe
 Shall be in danger, but Ile second him.
 To you, my lord, we give the whole commaund
 Of all the army, next unto ourselfe;
 Not doubting of you, but you will extend
 Your wonted valour in this needful case,
 Encouraging the rest to do the like,
 By your approved magnanimity.

Mumford.

My liege, tis needlesse to spur a willing horse,
 Thats apt enough to run himselfe to death:

For here I sweare by that sweet saints bright eye,
Which are the starres, which guide me to good hap,
Either to see my old lord crownd anew,
Or in his cause to bid the world adieu.

Leir.

Thanks, good lord *Mumford*, tis more of your good will,
Then any merit or desert in me.

Mumford.

And now to you, my worthy countrey-men,
Ye valiant race of *Genouestan Gawles*,
Surnamed *Red-shanks*, for your chivalry,
Because you fight up to the shanks in blood ;
Shew yourselves now to be right *Gawles* indeed,
And be so bitter on your enemies,
That they may say, you are as bitter as gall.
Gall them, brave shot, with your artillery :
Gall them, brave halberds, with your sharp point billes,
Each in their pointed place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of yourselves and *Gawle*.

King.

Then what should more perswasion need to those,
That rather wish to deale, then heare of blowes ?
Let's to our ships, and if that God permit,
In foure houres sail, I hope we shall be there.

Mumford.

And in five houres more, I make no doubt,
But we shall bring our wish'd desires about.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Captaine of the Watch, and two Watchmen.

Captaine.

My honest friends, it is your turne to night,
To watch in this place, neere about the beacon,
And vigilantly have regard,
If any fleet of ships passe hitherward :
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The beacon presently, and raise the towne.

[*Exit.*

First Watchman.

I, I, I, feare nothing ; we know our charge, I warrant : I
have bin a watchman about this beacon this xxx. yere, and
yet I ne're see it stir, but stood as quietly as might be.

Second

Second Watchman.

Faith neighbour, and you'll follow my vice, instead of watching the beacon, wee'l go to goodman Gennings, and watch a pot of ale and a rasher of bacon : and if we do not drink ourselves drunke, then so ; I warrant, the beacon will see us when we come out againe.

First Watchman.

I, but how if some body excuse us to the captaine ?

Second Watchman.

Tis no matter, Ile prove by good reason that we watch the beacon : asse for example.

First Watchman.

I hope you do not call me asse by craft, neighbour.

Second Watchman.

No, no, but for example : say here stands the pot of ale, thats the beacon.

First Watchman.

I, I, tis a very good beacon.

Second Watchman.

Well, say here stands your nose, thats the fire.

First Watchman.

Indeed I must confesse, tis somewhat red.

Second Watchman.

I see come marching in a dish, halfe a score pieces of salt bacon.

First Watchman.

I understand your meaning, thats as much to say, half a score ships.

Second Watchman.

True, you conster right ; presently, like a faithful watchman, I fire the beacon, and call up the towne.

First Watchman.

I, thats as much as to say, you set your nose to the pot, and drink up the drink.

Second Watchman.

You are in the right ; come, let's go fire the beacon.

[*Exeunt.*

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Enter the king of Gallia with a still march, Mumford and soldiers.

King.

Now march our ensignes on the *Brittish* earth,
And we are neere approaching to the towne :
'Then looke about you, valiant countrymen,
And we shall finish this exploit with ease.
'Th' inhabitants of this mistrustful place
Are dead asleep, as men that are secure :
Here shall we skirmish but with naked men,
Devoid of sence, new waked from a dreame,
'That know not what our comming doth pretend,
'Till they do feele our meaning on their skinnes :
'Therefore assaile : God and our right for us.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarm, with men and women halfe naked : Enter two Captaines without dublets, with swords.

First Captain.

Where are these villaines that were set to watch,
And fire the beacon, if occasion serv'd,
That thus have suffred us to be surprisde,
And never given notice to the towne ?
We are betray'd, and quite devoid of hope,
By any meanes to fortify ourselves.

Second Captain.

'Tis ten to one the peasants are o'recome with drinke and
sleep, and so neglect their charge.

First Captaine.

A whirl-wind carry them quick to a whirl-poole,
That there the slaves may drinke their bellies full.

Second Captaine.

'This tis, to have the beacon so neere the ale-house.

Enter the Watchmen drunke, with each a pot.

First Captaine.

Out on ye, villaines, whither run you now ?

First Watchman.

To fire the towne, and call up the beacon.

Second Watchman.

No, no, sir, to fire the beacon.

[*He drinks.*
Second.

Second Capitaine.

What, with a pot of ale, you drunken rogues?

First Captain.

You'll fire the beacon, when the towne is lost:
He teach you how to tend your office better.

[Draws to stab them.]

Enter Mumford, Capitaines run away.

Mumford.

Yeeld, yeeld, yeeld. *[He kicks downe their pots.]*

First Watchman.

Reele? no, we do not reele:
You may lacke a pot of ale ere you die.

Mumford.

But in meane space, I answer, you want none.
Wel, theres no dealing with you, y'are tall men, and wel
weapond;

I would there were no worse then you in the towne. *[Exit.]*

Second Watchman.

A speaks like an honest man, my cholers past already.
Come, neighbour, let's go.

First Watchman.

Nay, first let's see and we can stand. *[Exeunt.]*
[Alarum, excursions, Mumford after them, and some halfe naked.]

*Enter the Gallian king, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus, and
souldiers, with the chiefe of the towne bound.*

King.

Feare not, my friends, you shall receive no hurt,
If you'll subscribe unto your lawful king,
And quite revoke your fealty from *Cambria*,
And from aspiring *Cornwall* too, whose wives
Have practisde treason 'gainst their fathers life,
Wee come in justice of your wronged king,
And do intend no harme at all to you,
So you submit unto your lawful king,

Leir.

Kind countrymen, it grieves me, that perforce,
I am constrain'd to use extremities.

G g 2

Nobles.

Nobles.

Long have you here bin lookt for, good my lord,
 And wish'd for by a general consent :
 And had we known your highnesse had arrived,
 We had not made resistance to your grace :
 And now, my gracious lord, you need not doubt,
 But all the country will yeeld presently,
 Which since your absence have bin greatly tax'd,
 For to maintaine their overswelling pride.
 Weele presently send word to all our friends ;
 When they have notice, they will come apace.

Leir.

Thanks, loving subjects ; and thanks, worthy son,
 Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my lord,
 Who willingly adventured have your blood,
 (Without desert) to do me so much good.

Mumford.

O, say not so :
 I have bin much beholding to your grace :
 I must confesse, I have bin in some skirmishes,
 But I was never in the like to this :
 For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
 I was now incountred with naked women.

Cordella.

We that are feeble, and want use of armes,
 Will pray to God, to sheeld you from all harmes.

Leir.

The while your hands do manage ceaselesse toile,
 Our hearts shall pray, the toes may have the foile.

Perillus.

Weeie fast and pray, whilst you for us do fight,
 That victory may prosecute the right.

King.

Me thinks, your words do amplify (my friends)
 And adde fresh vigor to my willing limmes :
 But harke, I heare the adverse drum approach.
 God and our right, saint *Denis*, and saint *George*.

[Drum.]

I

Enter

Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonorill, Ragan, and the army.

Cornwall.

Presumptuous king of *Gawles*, how darest thou
Presume to enter on our *Brittish* shore ?
And more then that, to take our townes perforce,
And draw our subjects hearts from their true king ?
Be sure to buy it at as deare a price,
As ere you bought presumption in your lives.

King.

Ore-daring *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,
And just revengement of the wronged king,
Whose daughters there, tell vipers as they are,
Have sought to murder and deprive of life :
But God protected him from all their spight,
And we are come in justice of his right.

Cambria.

Nor he nor thou have any interest here,
But what you win and purchase with the sword.
Thy slaunders to our noble vertuous queenes,
Wee'l in the battel thrust them down thy throte,
Except for feare of our revenging hands,
Thou flye to sea, as not secure on lands.

Munford.

Welshman, Ile so ferrit you ere night for that word,
That you shall have no mind to crake so wel this twelvemonth.

Gonorill.

They lye, that say, we fought our father's death.

Ragan.

'Tis meerely forged for a colour's sake,
To set a glosse on your invasion.
Me thinks, an old man ready for to die,
Should be asham'd to broache so foule a lie.

Cordella.

Fy, shamelesse sister, so devoyed of grace,
To call our father lier to his face.

Gonorill.

Peace (puritan) dissembling hypocrite,
Which art so good, that thou wilt prove stark naught :

Anon,

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Anon, when as I have you in my fingers,
Ile make you wish yourselfe in purgatory.

Perillus.

Nay, peace thou monster, shame unto thy sexe:
Thou fiend in likenesse of a humane creature.

Ragan.

I never heard a fouler spoken man.

Leir.

Out on thee, viper, scum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my sight then is a toade:
Knowest thou these letters? [*She snatches them and teares them.*]

Ragan.

Think you to outface me with your paltry scrowles?
You come to drive my husband from his right,
Under the colour of a forged letter.

Leir.

Who ever heard the like impiety?

Perillus.

You are our debtour of more patience:
We were more patient when we staid for you,
Within the thicket two long houres and more.

Ragan.

What houres? what thicket?

Perillus.

There, where you sent your servant with your letters,
Seal'd with your hand, to send us both to heaven,
Where, as I thinke, you never meane to come.

Ragan.

Alas, you are growne a child againe with age,
Or else your senses dote for want of sleepe.

Perillus.

Indeed you made us rise betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we should sleepe where you bade us stay,
But never wake more till the latter day.

Gonorill.

Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art sleepey still.

Mumford.

Faith, and if you reason till to morrow,
You get no other answere at their hands.

'Tis

'Tis pittie two such good faces
Should have so little grace betweene them.
Well, let us see if their husbands with their hands
Can do as much as they do with their tounge.

Cambria.

I, with their swords they'l make your tounge unfay
What they have said, or else they'l cut them out.

King.

Too't, gallants, too't, let's not stand brawling thus.

[*Excunt both armies.*]

*Sound Alarum: excursions. Mumford must chase Cambria away:
then cease. Enter Cornwall.*

Cornwall.

The day is lost, our friends do all revolt,
And joine against us with the adverse part:
There is no meanes of safety but by flight,
And therefore Ile to *Cornwall* with my queene.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Cambria.

Cambria.

I thinke, there is a devil in the campe hath haunted me to
day: he hath so tired me, that in a maner I can fight no
more.

Enter Mumford.

Zounds! here he comes, Ile take me to my horse. [*Exit.*
[*Mumford followes him to the dore, and returnes.*

Mumford.

Farewel (*Welshman*) give thee but thy due,
Thou hast a light and nimble paire of legs:
Thou art more in debt to them then to thy hands:
But if I meet thee once againe to day,
Ile cut them off, and set them to a better heart.

[*Exit.*]

[*Alarums and excursions, then sound victory. Enter Leir,
Perillus, King, Cordella, and Mumford.*

King.

Thanks be to God, your foes are overcome,
And you againe possesied of your right.

Leir.

Leir.

First to the heavens; next, thanks to you, my sonne,
 By whose good meanes I repofseſſe the ſame :
 Which if it pleaſe you to accept yourſelf,
 With all my heart I will reſigne to you :
 For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
 Firſt, have you raiſd, at your owne charge, a power
 Of valiant ſouldiers (this comes all from you) ;
 Next have you ventured your owne perſons ſcathe.
 And laſtly (worthy *Gallia* never ſtaind),
 My kingly title I by thee have gaind.

King.

Thank heavens, not me, my zeale to you is ſuch,
 Commaund my utmoſt, I will never grutch.

Cordella.

He that with all kind love intreats his queene,
 Will not be to her father unkind ſeene.

Leir.

Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,
 The modeſt anſwere, which I tooke unkind :
 But now I ſee, I am no whit beguild,
 Thou lovedſt me dearly, and as ought a child.
 And thou (*Perillus*) partner once in woe,
 Thee to requite, the beſt I can, I doe :
 Yet all I can, I, were it ne're ſo much,
 Were not ſufficient, thy true love is ſuch.
 Thanks (worthy *Mumford*) to thee laſt of all,
 Not greeted laſt, 'cauſe thy deſert was ſmall ;
 No, thou haſt lion-like laid on to day,
 Chafing the *Cornwall* king and *Cambria* ;
 Who with my daughters, daughters did I ſay ?
 To ſave their lives, the fugitives did play.
 Come, ſonne and daughter, who bid me advance,
 Repoſe with me a while, and then for *Fraunce*.

[*Sound drumes and trumpets. Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.



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